# THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

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THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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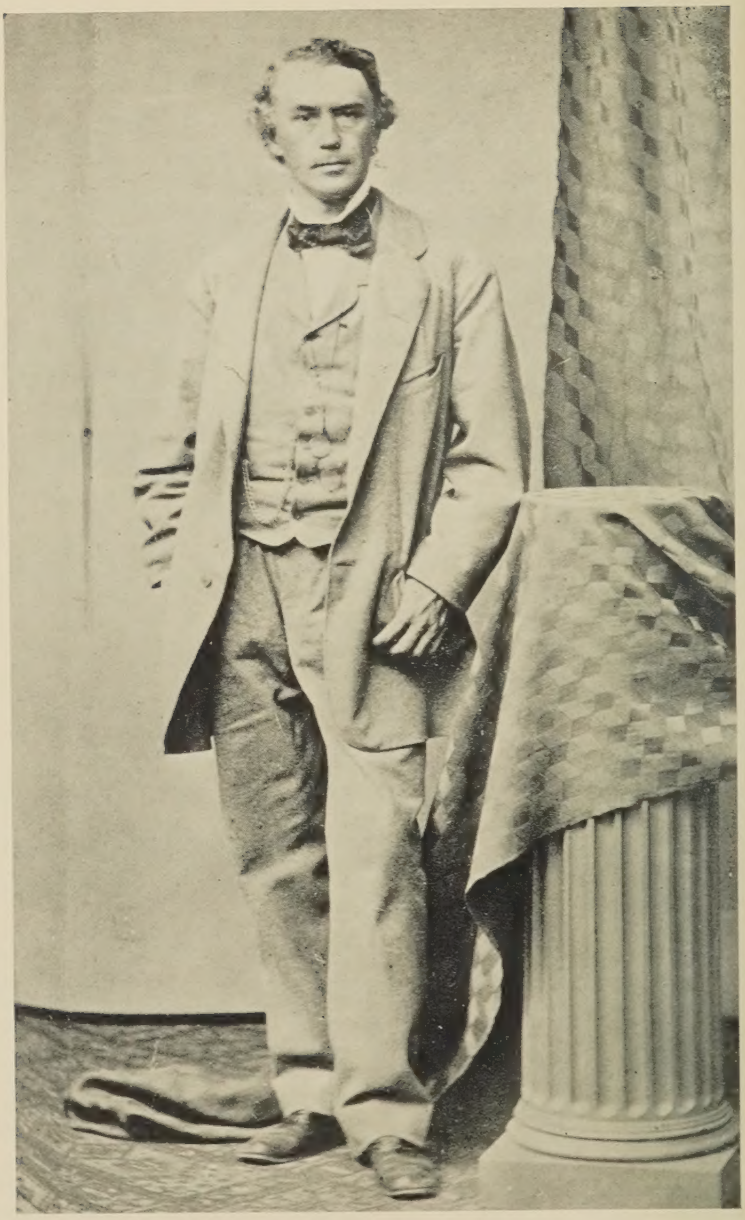

GEORGE TEMPLETON STRONG (1820–1875)

*Photograph, July 1861, from his manuscript Diary*

THE NEW-YORK
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
QUARTERLY

*January 1953*

VOLUME XXXVII NUMBER ONE

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# MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY LIFE IN NEW YORK

## MORE REVELATIONS FROM THE DIARY OF GEORGE TEMPLETON STRONG

*by* MILTON HALSEY THOMAS*

PRIOR to the fifteenth of September, last, the name of George Templeton Strong was an obscure one in this city. He was one of that large company of New Yorkers who led quiet, useful and respected lives in the nineteenth century—men like David Bayard Ogden, John Wells, Charles King, John Jay II, James William Beekman, or Henry Whitney Bellows, whose names are known today only to historical specialists. Strong received a few lines in Appleton's *Cyclopaedia of American Biography* (with an incorrect birth-date) and he appears very briefly in the memoirs

* Mr. Thomas, Curator of Columbiana at Columbia University, is co-editor with Prof. Allan Nevins of the four-volume *Diary of George Templeton Strong, 1835–1875*, reviewed in this issue of the *Quarterly*, p. 78–79. The present article is adapted from a paper read before the Society, 5 November 1952.

of certain of his contemporaries. He did not achieve even the adventitious fame of having his name carved publicly in stone, like James Lenox, or William C. Schermerhorn, or his own father-in-law, Samuel Bulkley Ruggles. But for forty years, day in and day out, in good times and bad, in sickness and in health, and unknown to anyone except his wife, George Templeton Strong spent an hour or so every night writing up a private journal. In the very short time since this journal was made public, Strong has emerged from his obscurity to become one of the best-known, most fully revealed, and most cherished of nineteenth-century Americans. In mid-September, when four volumes selected from these journals were published with the title, *The Diary of George Templeton Strong, 1835–1875*, Strong achieved a fame which he assuredly knew would someday be granted him. On that day a small and choice group of immortal Americans—the great diarists, Samuel Sewall, Cotton Mather, William Smith, Ezra Stiles, John Quincy Adams, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry David Thoreau, and Philip Hone—had to move over and make room for this brilliant and fine-spirited New York lawyer.

The publication of the Strong diary was to some extent the result of certain fortunate accidents. First of all, his family preserved the manuscript, though no mention was made of it in Strong's will, and seventy-five years ago feelings about the necessity or desirability of preserving private papers were much less developed than they are today. One may assume that these four large manuscript volumes were saved by reason of family inertia as much as anything else. The task of reading the four or five million words they contain, written in an exceedingly fine, though regular, hand that ran seven or eight lines to the inch, was not a thing lightly to be undertaken.

About twenty-five years ago, because of the material these diaries contained on the U.S. Sanitary Commission activities in the Civil War, they were lent to the Museum of the American Red Cross in Washington; they remained there displayed in exhibition cases for nearly two decades, and there is no evidence

that anyone who viewed them during that time realized what a treasure-house of historical information they were. In 1938 Mr. Henry Waters Taft, the family attorney, borrowed the diaries to use in preparing the history of his firm, Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft, in which, under earlier names (Wells & Strong; Strong & Bidwell), the diarist and his father had been lifelong members. Some time in that year, in a casual encounter with President Nicholas Murray Butler, Mr. Taft spoke to him of the diaries, and in particular of the Columbia material they contained. This information was communicated to the editors of the published work, Professor Allan Nevins and the writer, and in a short time we were devouring these great volumes. It was immediately evident to us that the Strong diary was a historical source and a piece of literary craftsmanship of the first order; publication was talked of at once, and Mr. Taft fostered the idea and gave us constant encouragement as long as he lived.

For well over a decade Mr. Nevins and I labored at the task of transcribing the diary, annotating it, writing explanatory editorial passages, and seeing it through the press. It was not only a fascinating and delightful and stimulating job, but it also carried with it the excitement of sitting on a classic, as it were, knowing as we did the eager interest with which the book would be received. If Strong had intended to discourage his future editors by his microscopic handwriting, he was not able to foresee that his efforts would be frustrated by microfilm or photostatic enlargements. The most unpleasant part of our task was the cutting down of the diary text to something manageable and publishable—for the full text would have run to twenty or more volumes. Most of Strong's little daily masterpieces of wrath or delight on the subject of the weather are gone, so are his long disquisitions on Anglican theology, much of his daily routine as a practising attorney, much of his home life, repetitions of ideas, reports of board and vestry meetings, and the larger part of his always informed criticism and appreciations of operas, concerts and recitals, which we hope will someday be made into another book.

The diary has not been bowdlerized. One reviewer said that the published work would have been more interesting if the editors had omitted the reports of so many Trinity vestry meetings and Columbia trustee meetings and printed more scandal instead. But Strong was no gossip-hound, and the scandals he recorded were not set down with any particular relish, but as the deplorable goings-on of people usually very close to him: his friends, his relatives, his clients, and his fellow-clubmen. Most of this material was interesting enough to be included in the published version, and throughout the work that was our chief criterion of selection. Strong himself later obliterated certain of his own entries. Some of these erasures undoubtedly represent acts of kindness to reputations, kindness being a quality which Strong possessed in abundance; other erasures undoubtedly expunged confidences which had come to him in the course of his practice.

Strong's diary differs from the other important American diaries chiefly in the brilliance of its human and social observation. It stands alone in another respect: it is the day-by-day record of the *whole life*, from morning till night, of an alert, cultivated, historically minded, and many-sided man, who always wrote interestingly and well, frequently wrote with engaging wit or deep emotion, and occasionally set down passages which deserve to stand with the finest of written English. The diary of the colonial judge Samuel Sewall (which runs from 1674 to 1729) is perhaps closest to it in its detailed revelation of his life and times, but it is limited almost entirely to Boston and its environs. Cotton Mather's record (1681 to 1724) of his religious writhings and strivings and of his losing battle with the times is the work of a painfully circumscribed man, and is dreary fare for present-day readers. The diaries of William Smith, the historian of New York and later Chief Justice of Canada (1753 to 1783; still unpublished) and of John Quincy Adams (1795 to 1848; published in part, in twelve volumes) are largely the accounts of their political life. Ezra Stiles, clergyman and president of Yale Col-

lege, recorded facts and events from 1769 to 1795 in Rhode Island and Connecticut with minuteness and accuracy, but rarely revealed his inner or family life. The magnificent journals of Emerson (1820 to 1876) are concerned only to a limited extent with the external facts of his life. They consist mainly of his thoughts and reflections, with comments on his reading, and were for him a storehouse or intellectual savings-bank to which he returned again and again when he was writing his lectures and essays. Thoreau's beautiful journals (1837 to 1861) are almost exclusively devoted to his observations on natural history and his ideas, and he used them as Emerson did, to mine his books from them. Of the diarists mentioned, only Adams and Emerson lived, as Strong did, in the great world.

The diary of Philip Hone, which begins in 1828 and continues to his death in 1851, overlapping Strong's record for sixteen years, both gains and loses in the inevitable comparisons which will be made with the latter. Hone was a more self-conscious diarist, writing well-rounded little journalistic essays on each day's happenings with a definite eye to posterity, and proudly dragging in the evidences of his painfully acquired wealth, taste, and culture, and the names of the great men with whom he associated. In the period of overlapping, Hone frequently gives more detailed, extensive, and useful accounts of events which the nimble-witted young Strong disposed of in a few lofty or scornful sentences. In fact, more than once Strong loftily disposed of Philip Hone. But the noble and lovable old mayor will lose none of his adherents by reason of Strong's opinions or the publication of Strong's diary.

The diary of George Templeton Strong, it must be said, is more like that of Samuel Pepys than any other great diary that has been published. It is somewhat risky to compare them, because mention of Pepys all too frequently brings to mind only the pecadilloes and indiscretions of this delightful character from a lustier age, and particularly his appetite for pretty serving-maids. Strong's diary very closely resembles Pepys' in the fulness

ALL SOULS CHURCH, FOURTH AVENUE & 20TH STREET

*Photo by Prevost, 1853–54, at The New-York Historical Society*

"Rev. Brother [Henry Whitney] Bellows's Red and White Unitarian establishment . . . a 'pied variety' of the St. Sophia . . ." (9 October 1856)

and intimacy of his daily record, but in literary style they differ greatly. Pepys settled into an engaging lingo of his own which is instantly recognizable, but Strong, a conscious stylist, suited his words to the occasion and varied his style greatly from entry to entry. If Strong ever sowed any wild oats, there is not the slightest evidence of it in the journals, and such conduct seems utterly foreign to his completely revealed character. On the subject of servant-girls, his entry of 25 October 1871 is enlightening:

Our dear, good, intelligent, efficient, loyal, and pretty Lizzie Conlon is to leave us tomorrow and marry Mr. Michael Riley, a carpenter of New Brighton, Staten Island. She has been with us for ten years, and has become rather a friend of the family than a servant. We shall miss her sadly. . . . She came to us in June or July, 1861, a mere little "slip of a girl," a child of fifteen or sixteen, and has been steadily winning our

affection ever since with her kind helpful ways, her efficiency, and her cheerfulness. She is, moreover, one of the prettiest girls in New York.

The origin and development of Strong's diary make an interesting story. The diary was begun 5 October 1835, and thirty years later, to the day, Strong recalled and described the circumstances:

I remember nothing at all about making my first entry, but I perfectly recollect the night before—a Sunday night—when I conceived the project of a diary. It was under the stimulus of a cup or cups of strong coffee, a Sunday evening tea-table indulgence then recently introduced among the domestic institutions of 108 Greenwich Street. I perfectly remember my cogitating intensely over the project and considering what manner of book I should use. Vague aspirations were floating through my mind, I think, toward some huge folio volume like a bank ledger. While I was thus exercised, I suppose Mamma and Mary were reading by the light of an Argand lamp. My father had gone up to the library and was deep in the Septuagint or the Greek Testament. Perhaps Aunt Olivia or poor dear Aunt Jane [Templeton] had looked in from next door. I was deploring our recent return home from the pleasant places of Whitestone, or rather "Powell's Cove," where I had spent August and part of September at Mrs. Whitney's. . . .

When I began this journal thirty years ago, "Uncle Johnson"[1] in Murray Street was our great authority. Next to him was "Uncle Benjamin" [Strong] in Leonard Street. At St. Paul's Chapel I used to hear Bishop Onderdonk and Dr. Schroeder every Sunday. Bond Street was the northern boundary of New York. George Anthon lived in Lispenard Street. Giles Hillyer, the most distinguished and illustrious of my acquaintances, in Liberty Street. William H. Aspinwall's house in College Place was probably the most luxurious and magnificent in all the city. These memories make me feel very old.

At first the diary was a simple record of the day's doings, but it quickly developed into a record of Strong's book-purchases and thoughts on his reading, and an unbelievably full account of his college life. Probably no undergraduate ever left as complete and amusing annals as Strong recorded for Columbia in the years from 1835 to 1838. It is obvious that before the diary was many weeks old, Strong had become a passionate and delighted chron-

[1] William Johnson (Yale 1788), reporter of the New York Supreme Court, Court of Errors, and Court of Chancery, has his immortality in the twenty-seven calfskin volumes of *Johnson's Reports* found in every American law library.

icler; college and class politics and the rows in his literary and debating society are recorded at great length. He was sixteen at this time, and writing with much maturity, but the juxtapositions in some of his entries are amusing indeed: on the same day he might record a snowball fight with the freshmen, a trip uptown to a book auction to buy a couple of incunabula ("Boethius $2, Vincent of Beauvais, $1.75, a goodly folio, worth the money if only for shaving paper"), and the evening reading, and writing sensible critical remarks on Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Later on, but not till after he left college, the diary became more introspective and reached its full development as a record of his inner and outer life, the safety-valve and confessional of a man who was, above all things, honest. By this time it was such an indispensable part of his life that it is impossible to imagine George Templeton Strong not spending an hour or so at night making entries in his private journal.

Ever since the first diary was published, no diarist has been unaware of the possibility that his words might some time appear in print. Strong was well acquainted with John Evelyn's diary, first printed in 1818, and that of Samuel Pepys, first printed within Strong's lifetime, in 1825. Before his own diary was many years old Strong had envisioned its ultimate discovery and publication, but not as early as 1952. On the 31st of December 1839 he was looking forward lugubriously to the following day, when he had to make a number of New Year's calls with his father:

> However [he wrote], *che sarà sarà*, as somebody says somewhere. That'll do to gain me the reputation of an Italian scholar three centuries hence when these hieroglyphics will be discovered in an obscure garret and added to the curiosities in the American Museum for the time being as the productions of certain anonymous writers, or perhaps sold at auction in somebody's library, "Lot No. 3918726: Curious old MS. partly undecipherable, apparently the 'Diary' or 'Journal' (*vide* Klootzenberg's *Dict: Antiq:* for explanation of Old English terms) of an inhabitant of the ancient city of New Amsterdam during the nineteenth century. It is remarkable not only as exhibiting many singular details of the manners and customs of our forefathers, but also as developing the unsophisticated greenness of the author and his times. Sold at the Fitzflamberg sale for $500.06¼."

CITY HALL PARK AND CROTON WATER FOUNTAIN

From *American Scenery Illustrated* by T. Addison Richards, N. A. (New York: 1854)

"That fountain in the park is beautiful—I've changed my mind now." (15 October 1842)

As time went on Strong accepted the role of diarist for his place in history and carried out his not inconsiderable daily task of writing, in part, at least, as a service to posterity. At the end of some remarks on antiquarianism, 25 November 1843, he says:

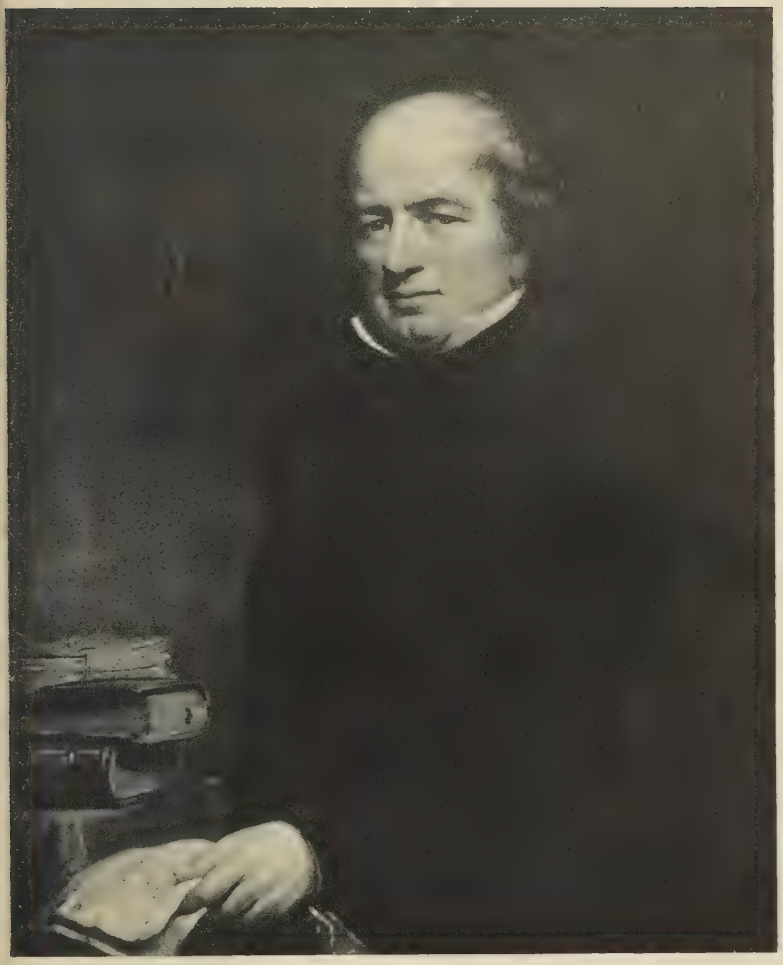
This sort of scrap-work—cinder-sifting—is only worth any thing at all when facts are thereby preserved which enable us in some degree to realize and understand past times and the great men of those times—when the times are worth understanding and the men truly great. One such fact compensates for its worthless tribe. Wonder whether Posterity will treat us in the same way. If I thought so I'd be tempted to make my journal something to the Sir John Hawkinses of the twenty-third century —and chronicle small beer most indefatigably. Just think of the value of a minute detailed journal of one year only in the twelfth century! However, what with novels and newspapers and magazines, the future investigators of the antiquities, manners, and customs of the nineteenth century won't want my help. In all probability they'll be blinded with excess of light—and die off ingloriously from plethora and over-feeding on the abundant feast that we shall bequeath them.

George Templeton Strong was born at 50 Franklin Street,

New York, 26 January 1820, and died at 113 East 21st Street, his Gramercy Park home, 21 July 1875. On his father's side he was of undiluted New England ancestry, but his mother was the daughter of Oliver Templeton, a New York merchant who had come from the north of Ireland, and the granddaughter of Dr. William Brownejohn, druggist and physician, who had come to this city from England. Although Strong wrote most tenderly of his mother at the time of her death in 1853, the diary entries about her are so infrequent and brief that her personality does not take shape in its pages at all. It was pretty obviously a man's world in which Strong was brought up.

His father, George Washington Strong (Yale 1803), was a lawyer, and one of those men of universally acknowledged character and integrity who seem, these days, to be encountered more frequently in books of history and biography than on the street. The father's chief vice was the reading of the Greek classics, especially the Greek Testament; he wrote that they fascinated him so that his addiction resembled a drunkard's passion for the bottle. He enjoyed Greek so much, in fact, that he had to limit his week-day reading to a stated quantity; but on Sunday, he confessed, "I indulge myself in reading as much as I please."

When Strong was two, his family moved to a handsome residence at 108 Greenwich Street—one block west of Trinity Church in a direct line. At this spot, then in the best residential section of the city, Strong grew up. His father's office on Wall Street was not ten minutes away. Three blocks south was The Battery, a delightful place to walk of an evening, and not many blocks to the north was the quiet, sycamore-shaded College Green, where Strong went to Columbia Grammar School and Columbia College. At No. 108 the family consisted of Strong's parents, his older half-sister Mary, and himself. Next door lived two maiden aunts. It was a household of elevated ideas and high seriousness, bound together by an unusual amount of warmth and affection.



GEORGE WASHINGTON STRONG (1783–1855)
"THE OLD GENTLEMAN"

Portrait by Daniel Huntington (Photo by FARL)

*Owned by Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft*

In a home where there was an abundance of good books, learning, and good talk it was inevitable that George should turn out to be a precocious student. He loved to study and he had a great passion for music. When he was eight his father bought him an expensive piano, and when he was about twenty his mother gave him an organ costing $1250; his struggles of nearly a year to get exactly what he wanted from a dilatory and reluctant organ-builder make an interesting story in the diary. All through college Strong ranked either first or second in his class, and he read discursively and voraciously. He secured a superb education in the classical languages which is revealed throughout his life in the clarity and precision of his writing, and he secured an excellent grounding in the natural sciences which showed up later in the satisfaction he took in his aquarium, his occasional scientific experiments, and his microscopical work.

All his life Strong was a worrier. In college he studied devotedly and kept up his work excellently, but he never went to an examination without the most dreadful fears and misgivings—and never failed to rank in the very top group of his class. Strong ranked second in the Class of 1838, which numbered twenty at graduation, and at Commencement he delivered the Latin Salutatory oration in the old Trinity Church building which was torn down within a year.

George Templeton Strong, B.A., aged 18, went to the City Hall the day after Commencement and entered his name as a student of law. He then joined a group of half a dozen young men in his father's office who were preparing for the bar in the traditional way, by three years of clerkship and study for the qualifying examinations. The Old Gentleman (as Strong usually called his father in the diary) set them to work mastering Graham's *Practice*, which Strong found most boring, and the legal classics: Blackstone, Coke on Littleton, and Kent. Twice a week these lads assembled at the elder Strong's study at his home and underwent informal examinations on their reading.

These were not the liveliest of years for Strong. He played

hess, he read the Oxford Tracts as they were published—and his served to reaffirm him in the Anglo-Catholic theological osition to which his earlier reading had led him; he continued to un to fires; he played the organ, and he went to innumerable

SELF PORTRAIT OF "THE ATT'Y"

*From the manuscript Diary of George Templeton Strong*

". . . a perfect Bolivar of a meerschaum . . . fit to solace the leisure moments of cloud-compelling Jupiter nicotianus himself" (18 August 1843)

concerts. At length, having attained the age of twenty-one and completed his preparation, he went to Utica by steamboat and rail, took what he considered a highly farcical bar examination, at which everyone got through or was helped through by the examiners, paid his dollar for a license, and returned to New York a certified attorney at law.

On the 15th of April 1843 Strong took out a life membership in this Society. Two weeks later he attended the May meeting:

THE STRONG RESIDENCE, 108 GREENWICH STREET

Numbers 110 and 112 and Carlisle Street beyond

*Drawing by E. P. Chrystie, 1950*

Tonight went to the Historical Society, whereof I've been duly elected member. Full meeting. Gallatin, the president, in the chair. It reminded ne of Poole's antiquary in *Little Pedlington*—with his disquisition of the ntiquities of the ruined pump and the helmet of the time of Richard I, o strongly resembling a saucepan of the time of George IV. A letter was ead from Crosby enclosing an "interesting Revolutionary relic"—reathless expectation—namely a button cut from the coat of a spy—I orget on which side—during that most momentous struggle. [John Lloyd] Stephens is trying to get up a great work on the antiquities of Central America. Hope he'll succeed. The society is resolved that they ioped so too—but subscribing for a copy at $100 is another matter. Got ired and came off early.

Soon after the new building of the Society on Second Avenue vas opened Strong went to inspect it, and wrote one of his characteristically scathing passages, 3 May 1858:

Looked through the premises. The New York Gallery of the Fine Arts s deposited in the cockloft. Old Luman Reed's collection is its nucleus. Vanderlyn's very gorgeous Ariadne is there—splendid in color. The Historical Society owns some nice books. My life membership is not absolutely valueless. The prosperity of that institution shows what activity and loud braying can do. Its corporate functions are not exalted. Its office is to collect and preserve books and MSS illustrative of our brief and barren history. That is all. The lectures and "papers" it generates so abundantly I set down as equal to zero: an estimate more charitable than accurate, for they are properly affected with a negative sign, as gaseous secretions of vanity and dilettantism. Yet this is far the most conspicuous of our literary organizations. Columbia might profit by its example—instead of allowing dignified inertia and affectation of superiority to the community to keep its great endowment all but absolutely inoperative, and its great objects which the community could be so easily made to appreciate and aid, unfulfilled. Its very existence [*i.e.*, Columbia's] is an obscure fact; it is among the "things not generally known." It ought to be forcing itself on public attention at every corner. Its late enlargement [the establishment of the Law School] has been forced on it—in spite of itself—as wealth is forced on the Dutch farmer whose cabbage garden is suddenly transmuted into city lots.

In the years immediately following Strong's entrance upon the practice of law with his father, his life did not change very much. He worked hard, and he outraged his stomach with the heavy meals of those days, thinking nothing of joining his friends for

a midnight supper of oysters and champagne at Delmonico's. He became dyspeptic, suffered much from morbid depression and what he called the Blue Devils, and laid the foundations for the liver trouble which was to terminate his life at fifty-five. As a therapeutic measure he purchased a saddle-horse and greatly enjoyed his rides in the upper parts of Manhattan, in the pleasant countryside beyond the village of Brooklyn, and in North Jersey. The family decided to add to their house on Greenwich Street, and Strong supervised the erection of a two-story building in the rear; here he established himself in a comfortable suite, moved and rearranged his library, already extensive and handsome in its morocco bindings, and rejoiced particularly in a bathroom. On 15 July 1843 he wrote:

> I've led a rather amphibious life for the last week—paddling in the bathing tub every night and constantly making new discoveries in the art and mystery of ablution. Taking a shower bath upside down is the latest novelty. A real luxury, that bathing apparatus is. . . .

The time was to come, nevertheless, when Strong was to give some thought to the establishment of his own home. His interest in girls had been very mild indeed; he was shy and self-conscious in social gatherings, and avoided them as much as possible. But things began to change. He went so far as to list (5 May 1842) the attractions necessary for any girl to lure him from continuing a bachelor and a misogynist:

1. Piety—and of the right sort—including admiration for the Oxford Tracts
2. Excellent sense—firmness—discretion—talent for obedience, and submission to conjugal authority
3. Amiability—agreeableness—good humor
4. Personal attractions—A No. 1 (I haven't talent enough for nymphography to describe them in detail)
5. Good education—some literary tastes—but not an atom of blueness
6. Music
7. From $50,000 to $100,000
8. No relations to bore one
9. The entire absence of fault in every department not above alluded to

MRS. GEORGE TEMPLETON STRONG (1825–1891)

*Photograph, Newport, September 1862, from the manuscript Diary*

"Thank God for giving me such a wife . . ." (14 September 1848)

One evening, having positively refused to attend a party given by one of his friends, he strolled up and down past the house in the dark and listened to the sounds of gaiety; returning home, he wrote that perhaps it had been a mistake not to attend. From this time he began to accept invitations, and it was not long before he really enjoyed the unostentatious social gatherings of his circle. From one of these parties in late 1847 he emerged staggering—not from the effects of alcohol, but from the enchantments of a pretty girl. The next day, wherever he went, in the office or on the street, he kept seeing that smiling face. The delightful story of Strong's courtship is set forth fully in the printed diary, and on the 15th of May 1848 he was married at Grace Church to Ellen Caroline Ruggles, daughter of Samuel Bulkley Ruggles of Union Square.

To enable the couple to start their married life properly, one of Mr. Ruggles's large lots on the north side of Gramercy Park was obtained and the elder Strong advanced the funds for a handsome brownstone house which finally cost upwards of $30,000. For a year Strong went through the agonies and frustrations of building a house, his troubles frequently paralleling those of Mr. Blandings, of recent memory. "Strong's Folly," he called it at first; later it became (and remained) in the diary, "Palazzo Strong." As the year 1849 was drawing to a close George and Ellie moved into their new home.

It would be a pleasure to carry on Strong's story for the remaining quarter of a century of his life in this house, which became a center of the musical and artistic life of New York, but this is beyond the scope of the present paper. Much of Strong's social life, and his family life, unusually happy and rewarding in spite of the inevitable illnesses, sadnesses, and worries, were of necessity crowded out of the published diary as increasing space was demanded by his participation in civic and public affairs. Strong was a valued vestryman and warden of Trinity Church, and one of the best trustees Columbia ever had, giving diligent and intelligent service to his *alma mater* which resulted in the

STRONG'S RESIDENCE (PALAZZO STRONG) IN GRAMERCY PARK
74 (later 113) East 21st Street (second from right)

*Drawing by E. P. Chrystie, 1951*

". . . a very handsome house, quite free, I think, from the epidemic of humbug and sham finery and gin-palace decoration" (5 January 1850)

founding of the Law School and the School of Mines, and facilitated Columbia's development into a university, which he did not live to see. He was one of the founders of St. Luke's Hospital, he was active in New York Diocesan affairs, and he was an officer of a couple of banks; much institutional history remains to be garnered from his unpublished entries. A vast amount of biographical and genealogical material awaits the patient searcher of his manuscript pages.

From the wealth of unpublished material in the diary (and

some printed but too good to omit) several passages have been selected to illustrate New York life a century ago, on the streets and in its best homes, and to let George Templeton Strong reveal himself a little more fully. The headings have been supplied.

## GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT

*24 September 1850.* The General is strong in great things and weak in little things. Any man who should listen for half an hour to the general's bad French and flat jokes, his tedious egotisms, his agonizing pedantries of connoisseurship in wine and cookery, his insipid, inflated gallantries, and his painful exhibitions of suspicious sensitive conceit would pronounce him the smallest and feeblest of created men, a silly giant, a euphuistic Goliath, if he did not know that he had proved himself a brave, prudent, skillful, brilliant, and humane commander, and a warmhearted and excellent man. His faults, I suppose, are chiefly vanity, arbitrary disposition, and an uncertain temper.

## PROPOSED BENEFACTIONS

*13 November 1850.* What churches I would build and what charities I would endow if I was poor W. B. Astor! How art would flourish after I'd founded my Gallery of Paintings occupying a fine brownstone building 88 by 157 and containing upwards of 300 undoubted originals of high merit and a School of Art for the gratuitous instruction of insolvent Raphaels *in posse*. My "Conservatoire" would enable the public to hear for a nominal price, two evenings in every week, the highest order of classical music performed by an orchestra permanently established. The cathedral I built, 487 by 116, including the aisles, would be, even when compared with ancient works, decidedly the finest specimen extant of Early Decorated, consistently carried out on a large scale, and it would be well known that its choir was thought by many competent judges to compare favorably (not merely in dimensions but in design and execution) with Cologne and Beauvais, while the adaptations from Haydn, Mozart, Palestrina and Beethoven executed at service time would produce an effect on the popular mind justifying all that enthusiasts have written as to the influence and power of music. I say nothing of the large quadrangular building (entirely fireproof) occupying an entire block, containing the 492,000 volumes and upwards to which the collections of the New York Society Library have been increased by the judicious liberality of this truly public-spirited citizen. But it is certain that the value of real estate in every part of the city has been increased 10 percent by the munificent endowments which his wealth has scattered over it, and by that unrivalled Park, embracing more than 500 acres,

lying on the East River south of 42nd Street which he has presented to the city to be used as a public pleasure ground by all classes of its citizens forever. The erection of Columbia College with six sister institutions into a university and its establishment in those princely structures that adorn the upper end of the island, with its richly endowed observatory, its three hundred resident fellows and professors, and its fourteen hundred free scholarships. Well, that will do for the present. I'm waked up by a sudden recollection of the anaemic state of my bank account. But if I had $150 million I'd teach people how to spend money.

## A NEW YORK HOUSE[2]

*27 January 1851.* Poor 79 Leonard Street! Its resident for forty-six years will leave it Thursday at 3 p.m. The house is left stranded by the tide, and will be abandoned by all its inhabitants without delay, and put to strange uses probably. When Uncle Benjamin moved in he was laughed at by his friends for going such an absurd distance uptown, and Robert Weeks used to play ball on the high hill back of his uncle's new house, and try to throw stones down the chimney. Year after year has passed, the little boys and girls of those days have grown up into the grave Mrs. Dering and so forth, and their children are fathers and mothers, and the city has spread and spread till the old house is out of sight, buried in the vulgarity of down town. One gay wedding after another disposed of the daughters (I just remember to have heard of them in my childish days). The sons were leaders among the men of fashion of 1820 and 1830, and then faded fast. Charles, Charley's unlucky father, filled it with sorrow and shame, and then disappeared forever from his place there. All the news of a stirring half century has been discussed by the same family circle within the walls of those dingy parlors, from the stories of Napoleon's campaigns brought slowly over by the Liverpool packet to the latest accounts by telegraph of '51. The terrible troubles of 1836 and 1837, the calamities and failures of one son-in-law and son after another, the cackle about G. T. S's sudden engagement, the hundred discussions about the hundred other wooings and winnings or losings of the boundless family circle. The old house is rich with the memory of it all, and ten thousand other threads of the changing web of life—and now it is all over, and on Thursday a dismal assemblage of silent people will follow out of its door the coffin that hides forever the head of the friendly old man who has made it a pleasant home, and maintained it as a center of kindly greetings and memories sad and cheerful for fifty years. And then its day is done—and I suppose that within the year it will be a place forbid to every modest woman and decent man.

[2] Written just subsequent to the death of his uncle, Benjamin Strong, a banker and one of the leading citizens of New York.

## YOUNG LADY OF NEW YORK

*11 February 1851*. Charley and Eleanor came in to spend the evening, and then Miss S. J. She, Miss S., is a bad case of good stuff spoiled in the making up. She was meant for a clever American girl of the Eastern type, sensible, smart, practical and energetic, yet the infatuated young lady will cultivate Southern languor and French flippancy, and has practiced affectations of voice and manner so long that that they have become a second nature, not in the place of her own, but grafted on it and existing in awkward combination and contrast with her genuine traits. She has plenty of good points, but one is tempted to forget them in studying the unpleasant exhibition she makes of a gauche Frenchwoman, a Yankee-fied Southerner, and an honest New York girl trying unsuccessfully to be something else—all at that same time. First of all, she's been spoiled at home; secondly, she's been flattered outrageously; thirdly, she has been infested by a very second rate set, of Bensons and Remsens and others; and fourthly, she's rummaged too deep in the Dumas and George Sand shelves in the New York Society Library.

## WAITERS

*19 February 1851*. Thomas (the waiter) still quite sick; not so well tonight I think and frightened about himself. Don't want to lose him, but fear we shall have to give him up.

Dynasty of waiters:

1. Moses, surnamed Price, an impudent, puffed up and disagreeable nigger, first and last of the Ethiopian dynasty—abdicated in a fit of dignity in April, 1849.

2. Thomas the First, well-meaning, but given to drink, who became from dissolute courses incapable of holding the reins of government and was deposed in the September following.

3. Richard, surnamed the Magnificent, who was the representative of Flunkeyism as his namesake Coeur de Lion was of Chivalry. He was also martial in his propensities, was enrolled in a militia company, and has waited at table in uniform. His reign was brilliant but despotic, and he finally resigned upon a difference of opinion with one of his subjects (Mrs. Strong) as to a question of aesthetics in the arrangement of a dinner table.

4. Donald Mac Something, a melancholy Scotchman, who prided himself on relationship to the Duke of Argyle and the personal acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, and retired to private life in consequence of chronic rheumatism brought on by former overindulgence in drink and calomel, and aggravated by recent violent dosing with Lobelia and other energetic remedies of the Thompsonian practice.

5. Lastly Thomas the Second, now ruling *de jure*, though the seals of

office are *de facto* held by the Regent, William, a large lummocks, who looks as if he were merely moulded in putty and not by any means finished.

## WEST POINT VISIT FRUSTRATED

*8 July 1851*. Spent an active day, smiting heavy blows at the accumulated hosts of Agenda. . . . Dismal north-east rain storm set in at noon. Dull and intolerable toothache set in with it. Fought the toothache hard, scarified my face and seared the inside of my mouth with reckless doses of creosote—and went through greasy mud and chilly drizzle to the boat—and sat down on deck in a secluded place and looked out through the thick air on the wet uncomfortable dock and the cartmen in shiny oilskin with blue faces, standing ruefully in sheltered corners with the rain pattering down and making circles in the pools of saturated solution of dirt at their feet—and beyond them, at the faint outline of the Jersey shore looming up through the fog—and up at the dingy prospect of the river—and my heart sank within me—and the tooth ached harder—and I thought how bitter cross to Charley I should be through these fifty miles of cold juicy atmosphere—and how blue I should be all the evening, and how savage and wakeful all night—and then my eyes were opened—light shone on me—there was a sudden inspiration—and I consigned my carpet bag to Charley and rushed out of the *Santa Claus*—up to Broadway—into a bus—to Bond Street—down to No. 29—rang the bell—"Is Dr. Ware at home?"—"Yes sir"—The die was cast—my tooth stopped aching—my cares seemed to vanish—and I walked into the neatly furnished little boudoir of a *folter-kammer* with a degree of placid serenity truly astonishing. Suggested chloroform, and to my agreeable surprise the Inquisitor acquiesced. It came out, I suppose, at least there's a carious grinder in my waistcoat pocket and one the less in my head. But I knew nothing about it. Perchloride of formyle is a great fact.

Stopped at Mr. Ruggles's on my way up, then at my father's, thence hither, and here I am in the lonely library—and everything in the house so still. My poor little wife is fifty miles off—in bed by this time—and sleeping sound, I hope, under the shadow of Crow Nest—or dreaming only of pleasant memories—God defend her.

## EVENING AT THE OPERA

*24 August 1851*. Last night we were at Castle Garden again. Sat on the terrace and inhaled the sea-breeze, listening only at distant intervals to the hot and heavy music of *Ernani* and looked out on the Bay and the stars above and the stars below, for the night was dark and nothing was to be seen a hundred yards off except the multitudinous lights great and small, near and distant, scattered over the surface of the bay, like another

series of constellations below us. Now and then the white sail of a sloop drifting along glimmered faintly through the night and then dissolved out of sight again, in a ghostly manner, but at other times one seemed to be at the edge of the world, the jumping-off place, looking up and down at the stars of both hemispheres.

## WINTER IN MANHATTAN

*20 January 1852.* Thermometer at −2° this morning at 9 o'clock and about the same tonight. East River frozen stiff till midday, and crowds passing over the ice, the ferry boats being sealed up in their slips. When the ice broke away and went out to sea with the ebb tide, the scurry and flight of the travellers is said to have been just in time to prevent considerable loss of life. Broadway an elongated Maelstrom of sleighs of every degree, from the turnout that will just hold the b'hoy and his gal and their blankets, to the vast omnibus first-rates with eight or ten horses and fifty passengers. Have been too chilly all day to work efficiently; a blazing Liverpool coal fire couldn't thaw out my fingers or relax the rigidity of my frost-bound ideas.

## A BUDGET OF SCANDAL

*13 April 1852.* Much scandal afloat here touching our New York Society in Paris. How Henry Morgan *licked* his wife, that lovely little decolletée Miss Louisa Selden, whom I remembered to have seen at Miss Christine's party heaven knows how long ago, and how her father's apoplexy was brought on by his wrath thereat. How [Charles Astor] Bristed keeps a grisette and how Mrs. B. met the couple somewhere and the two ladies clapperclawed. Woodbury Langdon, of course, not forgotten in this budget. Also as to the demoralization of Boston, and Mr. James Lawrence's bride (Miss Prescott) encountering another female with a baby the day after the wedding who claimed to be the original and only genuine Mrs. James Lawrence, and made a noise and had to be taken in charge by the police.

## UPTOWN BY RAILROAD

*19 June 1852.* Had to come uptown at twelve with a splitting headache. Such a ride uptown! Such scalding dashes of sunshine coming in on both sides of the choky, hot railroad car, and drawing stale, sickly odors from sweaty Irishmen in their shirt sleeves; German Jew shop-boys in white coats, pink faces, and waistcoats that looked like virulent prickly heat; fat old women, with dirty-nosed babies; one sporting man with black whiskers miraculously crisp and curly, and a shirt collar insultingly stiff, who contributed a reminiscence of tobacco smoke—the spiritual body of

HORSECAR ON FOURTH AVENUE AT UNION SQUARE

Litho by Nagel & Weingärtner, 1852; pub'd by Geib & Jackson, N. Y.

*Bella C. Landauer Collection at The New-York Historical Society*

"Such a ride uptown! . . . I thought I should have died of the stink, rage, and headache before I got to Twenty-First Street" (19 July 1852)

ten thousand bad cigars. Then the feast of fat things that came reeking under one's nose at each special puddle of festering filth that Center Street provided in its reeking, fermenting, putrefying, pestilential gutters! I thought I should have died of the stink, rage, and headache before I got to Twenty-first Street. But luckily this headache was one of the sort that goeth off with profound, impenetrable, apoplectic sleep, and at five o'clock I awoke in the library chair after four hours of it, refreshed and free.

The baby in great trouble tonight—screaming and squealing like an infant maniac—under wind, teething, and some sort of rash developed by the hot weather.

## SOME LITERARY CRITICISM

*14 September 1852.* Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*, a strong book; have read up a good deal of Hawthorne latterly. Great skill in describing and observing moral morbid anatomy, much beauty of diction and origin-

ality of thought sometimes. In his earlier books (*Twice-Told Tales* especially), an earthy feeling prominent, fondness for imagery of shrouds and coffins and graveyards, like Webster the dramatist, and sometimes an earthliness, a gloomy sensual current of thought that reminds one of the Chevalier Faublas and the *Meditations Among the Tombs*. Now and then he's like Von Arnim in Isabella von Egypten, etc. But he's a very noteworthy person, and I'm sorry he has lowered himself to a campaign biography of Franklin Pierce.

## NAPOLEON III AND EUGENIE

*18 February 1853*. I maintain the cause of the French Empress stoutly in these times, with no very tangible reason except that she has auburn hair and Eugénie is a very pretty name. I rather like the notion of Napoleon III, who, ten or twelve years ago, was a disreputable, dirty, drinking, penniless, foreign prince prowling about these streets and ordered out of the bar room of the old Washington Hall (where Stewart's shop is now) because he was too great a loafer to be allowed to hang about even those disreputable premises, who had so long been wriggling in the gutters and Cloaca of the social system, being now on terms of equality with kings and czars, and making something his friends call a *mésalliance* with the beautiful representative of one of the first among the haughtiest nobility in Europe. There's a romance about it that's altogether refreshing. It will be a curious chapter for readers of history in 1953. As to the attacks on the young Empress's fair fame, I utterly renounce them. *Vivat* Donna Eugenia. . . .

## FEMINISM DISAPPROVED

*8 September 1853*. Great shindy between Bloomers and anti-Bloomers, at the Temperance Convention in session here. As for the "Rev." Antoinette Brown & Co., I should be glad to see them respectfully pumped upon by a crowd of self-appointed conservators of manners and morals, though perhaps they have womanhood enough left in spite of themselves to be worthy of better usage. The strumpets of Leonard and Church streets are not *much* further below the ideal of womanhood than these loathsome dealers in clack, who seek to change women into garrulous men without virility. I'm glad I'm too stolid tonight for full realization of their folly. It would lead surely to a sick headache tomorrow. Womanhood is still reverenced in this irreverent age and country, as every omnibus and railroad car can testify. Destroy its claim to concession and protection and courtesy by putting it on an equality in everything but physical strength with manhood, and manhood is gone, too. . . .

## ATTEMPTED REFORM

*17 September 1853.* I honestly thought yesterday that my sudden cutting off of coffee and tobacco, both used lately in unprecedented excess, was going to give me the Delirium Tremens. Left Wall Street at two o'clock. While there I could do nothing. Spent the morning in going out and in under frivilous pretexts of business and taking short turns of two or three blocks, nearly wild with nervous depression. . . . Came home, was fierce, captious and savage for a few minutes, then retreated to the library chair, where I spent the afternoon and got a brief doze. Later after a brief visit next door [his father's] where I met two of the Johnsons, which fact affronted and wounded me profoundly, I went to bed at 6½, tossed and tumbled and sought sleep in vain. Got up and dressed at 10 and went to bed again at 1 and tossed and tumbled all night in desperation. Up this morning sufficiently wretched with dragging pain in the back and limbs superadded to all the other symptoms, and dubitated about going down town. Concluded to do so, and concluded also that it was right for me to take a dose of coffee and a cigar, which I did at Delmonico's, and was able, thank God, thereafter to work with some efficiency. Clearly it would not do to make the change too abrupt.

Could not but notice an analogy to Delirium Tremens in one consequence of my absolute abstinence from coffee and tobacco. I dreamed of devils and woke in a fright in my imperfect dozings of yesterday afternoon and evening. My watch was suddenly possessed and demonized. It grew red hot, and the paper on the table cover on which I laid it smoked in my dream. Its face acquired a diabolical expression; it uttered some sort of devilish croak or chuckle, and I opened the door wide and put a chair against it in a paroxysm of terror (in my dream) so that my calls for help might be heard, and I might not be left alone with my fiendish companion.

## AFRICAN GIFT

*27 December 1853.* Legend of the anaconda is old, but too delightful not to be commemorated, especially as it is literally true. After McCrackan burst, he departed for the Coast of Africa, as agent for the purchase of palm-oil, ivory and pig nuts, and there purchased from the natives a magnificent boa, which he put into a box and sent on board ship as a present to Mrs. McCrackan, from which she could make a little money. And after he had put it on board, the coast fever attacked him and he sank and died and his remains were boxed up, or barreled up in spirits, and put on board the same craft to which he had entrusted this delicate testimonial of his affection. After O'Conor's wedding, arrived the remains of his predecessor and the separate property and estate of his wife. The former were conveyed to Greenwood, O'Conor declining to assist at

the ceremonial, which was wrong of him. The latter, viz., the snake, was offered to Barnum, but he would give only $200, insisting that anacondas are *down* at present. Thereupon, the gift of the deceased McCrackan was (rather heartlessly) put up at auction and brought $250, and is now exhibiting at the corner of Broadway and Walker Street.

The current story that the anaconda was found to have swallowed the defunct McCrackan during the voyage home, is without foundation. . . .

## BALLOON OVER MANHATTAN

*27 October 1854.* Weather still beautiful. . . . Ellie walked down to meet me and we went up together to Trinity Chapel. At Madison Square we watched the balloon that had gone up from the Hippodrome a little while before we got there, hanging almost motionless in the clear western sky. Wished I was with the "intrepid aeronaut" in his basket, and was reprimanded therefor. But the wish was very sincere. He must have been looking down on a glorious sight. Were it not for the ridiculous notoriety one would get by the proceeding I should be sorely tempted to apply for a passage in the next balloon that was going up on a fine day with an easterly wind. Were I a millionaire I'd keep a private aeronautic establishment.

## MOUSE

*12 June 1856.* I'm full of sorrow and contrition tonight. A poor little mouse had been caught alive and unharmed, which I tended very carefully through the evening, and supplied with food and water. Its little eyes and whiskers were delightful, and I fully intended to set it at large in the street in front of somebody else's dwelling house after making it the subject of a slight scientific experiment, often heretofore tried on myself and rather pleasurable than otherwise—inebriation by chloroform. So he was "taken up tenderly, lifted with care" by the tail and lodged beneath a spacious bell-glass with a rag wet with a sufficient dose of that beneficent fluid. First he ran about vigorously, then his footing grew uncertain, then he tumbled down and kicked. Then I lifted the bell-glass and took him out, and he kicked more feebly and lay still and did not come to. I became alarmed. I exhausted the remedial agents within my reach, cold water, artificial respiration, and friction of the extremities. Ammonia and galvanism were not at hand. But it was unavailing. "The vital spark had fled." It makes me unhappy, for though mice are vermin, I hate to kill them. . . .

## NEW YEARS DAY 1855

A mild sunshiny day, sloppy but kindly. I traveled from 29th Street to Hudson Square, or rather to John Henry Hobart's, among the dock

rats near the foot of Hubert Street; labored from quarter to 11 to quarter to 6 and achieved some thirty-odd calls, counting cards as visits.

R. B. Minturn's, a new place, was pleasant, Mrs. M. with plain but kindly manners and a houseful of young people around her. Little Mrs. Willis brighter than ever in the pride of her new maternal dignity. Mrs. Edward Bell a little grandiose, Mrs. Rev. Bedell ditto; all I mean is that the refined tastes, cultivated minds, and social position of both ladies are so manifest that one is a little chilled and crushed in their presence. Got safely through with Mrs. Cruger. She was just going to tell me some little anecdote connected with some shabby old fashioned gimcrack or dreary old portrait (I forget which), that would have occupied an hour and a quarter (parenthetical digressions included) when I burst abruptly into violent admiration and interest in something else, which distracted her attention for a moment, and I dodged out of the house before she could recover the current of her ideas, which are always rather inconsequential and incoherent. It's a most stately house, the finest I've ever seen, with its grand hall and staircase and ample suites of rooms. Amplitude and the absence of gingerbread make it imposing, though I dare say (being built by Jemmy Renwick) it is bad enough in many particulars. Rather genial visit to Mrs. Dr. Peters, with whom was that sweet little Miss Lily Snelling, now just coming out. She'll be a giddy and spoiled girl I suppose this time next year, finding her highest good in the German cotillion and Young America. Afterwards, if she get a good husband, she'll make a fine woman. The Lydigs were nice in their old fashioned drawing room with its air of wealth and respectability more than ten years old. Miss Kate, whose First Winter is this of 1854–55, a very strikingly handsome and fresh-looking young lady. At Berrian's Higby and Weston were in attendance; had some talk with them, also with that very exuberant Miss B., mostly on music. That enterprising damsel has made a coup-d'etat in the choir of St. John's Chapel, it seems, and assumed its administration into her own hands. People differ widely as to the merits of the result.

Mrs. William C. Schermerhorn was what she always is. That lady's nonchalant natural careless manner is the utmost perfection of good breeding and politeness. She never compliments or flatters, talks mostly on commonplace things, but one always leaves her after ten minutes conversation with a sense of comfort and self-content, and soliloquizes: What a clever fellow I am; how I can entertain and interest an elegant woman! What a respect she has for me, and how agreeable I have made myself.

The [John Austin] Stevens drawing rooms were more genial than usual. Pete [Strong]'s little baby has done something for that household. It was the central point around which mamma and grandmamma and six aunts were circulating. Cultivated its young affections successfully.

Very pleasant hearty reception at Rev. Henry Anthon's. Got off unsinged from the Baxters. Had a jolly time at old Belden's.

Home. Miss Rosalie Ruggles had been helping Ellie to receive 70 or 80 calls, and we dined with Miss R., Jack Ehninger and G. C. Anthon. Mr. Ruggles and wife looked in shortly thereafter. We dined not wisely but too well, sat down famished at 6½. George carried on like a lunatic with John R. Strong [his son; aged four]—put that young man up to all sorts of mischief. Ended by bundling him up in hoods and shawls, putting his grandfather's hat on his head, and inducing him to straddle a cane—straddling another himself, and marching to a rub a dub dub tune through the dining room and hall. The final result was a grand double shuffle and war dance in the hall by Anthon, Jem Ruggles, Jack Ehninger, Ellie and *Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bulkley Ruggles* around the imperturbable little object in his extraordinary attire, while I stood at the foot of the stairs and choked with hysterical laughter. A stranger coming in the house would have been entitled to conclude that he was witnessing the holiday performances of a lunatic asylum. Such an outburst has not been seen here before. It deserves to be remembered.

## YOUNG AMERICA

*27 January 1855*. Tuesday night we went to *two* parties!—first to the little McIlvaine's, corner of 12th Street and Second Avenue, where we spent an hour and a half. That's a very frank, genial good little lady whom I'd like much to see one of my friends make up to and marry. Not brilliant, except possibly in her instinctive appreciation of *real* music, in which she is very far above her fellows, not altogether *pretty*, but altogether nice. Thence to a dancing transaction at Lewis Jones's. Quite a brilliant party—the way of doing such things well is a hereditary gift in that family. Lounged about, spectator of saltation; heaped coals of fire on the head of Mrs. Camilla [Scott] Hoyt by feeding her with ice cream. Admired divers pretty fresh gay young debutantes whirling around the bright ball room in the arms of divers cubs more or less intimate with Pat Hearn, and of experience more or less recent in the esoteric mysteries of Parisian life—and wondered whether it was exactly as it should be—whether these good innocent pure-minded foolish little girls, the hem of whose wonderful gauzes and fixings one would touch reverently, ought to be publicly hugged and hauled about by Bob James and Jemmy Pendleton. Of course it does them no harm—and they know nothing of their iniquitous partners but that they're good waltzers. But it's a profanation not altogether pleasant to witness.

## SNOBBISM

*25 February 1855*. Miss Lucretia Stevens turns up her little nose at poor Talboys because he used to be a salesman in Putnam's bookstore and

thinks that fact "against him" and wonders how he "got into society"—and by expressing that innocent surprise brought on herself a broadside from Mrs. G. T. S. Great are the mysteries of social snobbism. Miss Lucretia's grandfather was a journeyman carpenter, who was engaged in shingling a barn when he heard of the Battle of Lexington, ran away from his boss, leaving his job unfinished, and when the war was over came to New York and went into the liquor business—and made money thereby.[3] Really, those Stevenses are an example and warning. They contrive to make virtue, excellence, and true respectability so unlovely that one is tempted to consort rather with publicans and sinners. Considering how much real merit they have, they are the most disagreeable people I ever knew.

## MELANCHOLY REFLECTIONS

*14 August 1855. Great Barrington, Mass.* Very lovable he is [Johnny, his son, aged four], when he's snug in bed, after saying his prayers, and has his fat arms round my neck and tells me I "can't get away." Indeed, I don't want to. But it's at best another tie to the world of mortality and uncertainty and peril and death: another source of very possible rending, laceration, loss, and wreck. So with everything else. In the midst of that beautiful happy walk with Ellie, while I felt keenly the brightness of the day and the joyous life with which wood and meadow and running stream were full, and seemed to grasp for a moment the sunny side of life and know that I was happy and that it was an hour of freedom and healthy purifying influence such as comes seldom and is not soon to be forgotten—even then down came upon me the thought: How shall this day be remembered a year hence? May not its memory be like a stab to your heart? The very current of feeling doubtless that has floated myriads into the monastery and the renunciation of every human tie and enjoyment—the subtle selfishness of timid men constitutionally nervous (perhaps from chronic trouble with the liver) inclined to foresee trouble, and preferring isolation to love coupled with the risk of bereavement. They are safe, conservative capitalists, choosing investments that bear the smallest of interest and give the least uneasiness. I'm sadly liable to morbid feeling—and for the last two years perhaps without excuse. But it's an evil—if not a sin, for its ultimate cause must be want of due healthy care for the present and the duties thereof. In me it is more than the common disease of caring unduly for the things of the morrow. My vision of the past is as sickly as my forebodings of the future.

[3] This is an over-simplification of the biography of Ebenezer Stevens, who raised and commanded various companies of artillery in the Revolution, had a notable record at Ticonderoga, Stillwater, and Yorktown, and attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, later in life becoming major-general of the New York militia; but it was not like Strong to let such facts get in the way of his well-grounded prejudices.

## DEATH OF A SQUIRREL

*4 March 1856.* One of my poor little squirrels (Scratch, he of the long tail) died this afternoon. They've had free range on the enclosed piazza all winter with a big fir-tree in a tub to disport themselves on (by the by, they gnawed off all its branches in a week and left it a mangy beanpole) and I think the deceased had a very good time, better than if in his native woods. Both had got very tame, and scrambled all over me the instant I went on the piazza, and began burrowing in my pocket for nuts, and used to spend their time when we were at dinner in popping up and peering at us over the lower woodwork of the glass-door. It was quite sad to see only one little head this evening instead of two.

## THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

*17 November 1857.* Regret to record the fact that I'm disgusted with Jack Ehninger. C[harles] E. S[trong] ordered a picture of him a month or two since, and is now informed by Jack that he must decline painting it—for some obscure reason, some twinge of Jack's morbid sensitiveness. He is convinced that the order is given not because C. wants the picture but as a testimonial of gratitude for services Jack rendered or was ready to render in the Hurlbert troubles of last August. His crotchets are intolerable. In debt to his friends, and in daily warfare with dunning tradespeople who need the pay he can't give them, what right has he to these hyperflutinated refinements in the choice of his work? If H. himself tendered him an order, he *ought* to fulfill it, even if he felt it incumbent on him to kick H. down the stairs the moment the money was paid and the transaction settled. But this particular scruple is utter folly. If it mean anything, it means that when he sells a picture, he receives a favor, or in other words that ten or fifty percent or the whole of the price is a gift to him from the purchaser. That proposition I think he would repudiate pretty emphatically. If he put his refusal on the ground that though the picture be in fact worth its price he has reason to believe (from C's omitting till now to give him an order) that C. don't think it worth its price, I should like to know whether he would refuse a commission from any rich parvenu of the Fifth Avenue because his client couldn't tell the difference between his work and a signboard.

Mrs. Rutherfurd and G[eorge] A[nthon] have been down on him emphatically for this folly. I don't wonder now that he has succeeded so ill. He will disgust and alienate all his friends before long. I won't nominate him for any Instructorship in Columbia College—such is the impression this performance makes on *me*. He is plainly unfit for any post that requires tact, temper, or common sense. Pity so many noble traits should be marred by petty old-maidish suspicion and jealousy. I won't try to reason him out of his absurdity. It would be like trying to help a

patient pervaded by inflammatory rheumatism into an easier position. The charitable effort would only irritate and antagonize and be resented. He must be pressed yet further down to cure him of this morbid condition, and I fear he soon will be. If he goes through the world analyzing and scrutinizing the motives of every kindness that's offered him and ungraciously repudiating the efforts of his friends to get him the professional employment on which he's absolutely dependent for his daily bread, he had better abandon Art forthwith, for it is only through the active sympathy of warm personal friends that he can hope to gain a subsistence by his profession.

## BRATTLEBOROUGH VACATION

*14 September 1857.* Never did I spend one of the golden weeks of early fall more pleasantly than this last. Every day had its own walk or expedition of some sort, each bright and jolly enough to remember a whole summer by. It is ungrateful to leave any one of them to perish without record. We had a little party of our own: there were Ellie and Miss Rosalie [Ruggles] and myself, Miss Gertrude King, (Charles King's daughter), a nice goodnatured girl, Mrs. and Miss [Annie] Leavenworth and Mr. Edward Leavenworth—and kept mostly together. The "New York party" is estimable but singularly unattractive. Alfred Schermerhorn is amiable and unexceptionable, but he can talk only of petty household economies, and his favorite subject is frugality in pantaloons, which he has reduced to a science. His wife, the stronger vessel, is most excellent but does not fascinate. The Hones are amiable and lively, but (if the blasphemy be pardonable) *very vulgar*, except Phil [junior] who is more imbecile than in his college days and unfit to lie around loose without a keeper. So of the rest. These newcomers were the first with whom Ellie sympathized or *sororized*, and with them she struck up a most cordial instructive intimacy. Very reasonably and commendably. Miss Gertrude King is a brick, Mrs. Leavenworth very intelligent, kindly, and serene, and her daughter one of the finest creatures I ever met. Only 18, but singularly mature in thought and feeling, gentle and unobtrusive in expressing them, full of pretty, simple tastes, and natural love of art and of nice books, and abundant in little thoughtful services and sacrifices to promote other people's comfort. I've rarely seen so much character and depth in a woman except with some little cost of womanly softness—and though it must be admitted that the young lady *squints* and is not handsome, she is most refreshing and admirable. I trust her promised intimacy with Ellie may flourish.

Among the Memorabilia of the week was our long, almost frosty, afternoon drive Monday to "Algiers" and the slate quarry, returning ravenous to an abundant sumptuous supper ordered at the Brattleborough House, most grateful to Water Cure boarders. There were botanical

expeditions in the woods and along Whetstone Creek, and funny experiments by the ladies in wading that torrent, whereof I was not admitted a spectator, that resulted in their sitting down abruptly and involuntarily on big boulders overlaid by several inches of running water. Brilliant collections of ferns and mosses and "Indian pipe". . . . Long drive Friday morning with hampers and baskets to Marlborough Lake. None of us had been there, and our guide, picked up at the nearest farm house, was a Yankeefied Celtic boy (about as intelligent as a sagacious ape after a month's training) who walked off ahead of us, vanished in the woods, and left us to find our way to the lake by instinct. We reached it at last, tattered and bewildered and prostrate, especially Edward Leavenworth and I, who did the heavy business and carried the baskets—and reached it at the wrong place and were rowed across in pairs by the native Yahoo in a small punt, like a cigarbox without a cover, to the right place, which was unexceptionable—a cool, lovely, thick, shaded hill side—where Miss Gertrude King and I got up a fire and roasted corn, and did fullest justice not only to that vegetable, but to the chicken and tongue and iced claret and water we brought with us. Our walk back to the waggon was worse, if possible, than our walk to the lake, but the good nature of the ladies rose to heroism, and they plunged more than ancle deep in peaty mud without a murmur. Jolly drive home, taking tea at Sargent's, a farmer near West Brattleborough, who sometimes consents to get up a repast as a favor to sojourners, and does it well. To his "flannel cakes" and maple sugar I doubtless owe the fearful sick headache I brought home from Brattleborough Saturday night. I left at 4½ P.M. and reached here at midnight in a very shakey state. . . .

## PARTY AT GRAMERCY PARK

*30 January 1858.* Party unanimously adjudged a grand success. All the people came that were wanted, about 150. There was no crowd, and no contretemps, thanks to Mrs. Ellie's judicious generalship. Everybody seemed comfortable and everybody danced. Even I "stayed for the German." But that performance is earlier now than of old. Everybody was gone by a quarter past two. My evening was not unpleasant. My forebodings and misgivings vanished early, for I soon saw that people were in good humor and likely to have a good time, and Mrs. William C. Schermerhorn, who always says the right thing at the right time, confirmed me in that opinion and set my mind quite at rest. So I lounged about for the rest of the evening and practised my fascinations on the non-dancing people. To be sure I didn't know more than half of Young America, and they didn't know me. I had some idea of getting on a table, announcing myself as "the man of the house" and bestowing a general salutation or benediction on the assemblage after the manner of the Pope from the balcony of St. Peter's. But I believe an acquaintance

between the host and his visitors is not demanded by etiquette. The Middle Room with its crowd of pretty girls tangling themselves up in the wonderful evolutions of The Lancers was pleasant to behold, and even the critical operations of supper were conducted to a happy termination.

Made Belmont's acquaintance and found him quite disposed to be pleasant and free from any millionaire-isms. His wife is very beautiful. One of the very prettiest persons was poor Miss Caroline Strong, Selah B.'s daughter, destined I fear to an early death, for she's of a consumptive family and is already visited by the first symptoms of that disease. Miss Rosalie McCarty would have looked as sweetly as ever, only she had dressed up her pretty blonde hair into the semblance of a "hurra's nest" and looked as like Madge Wildfire as so graceful and delicate a young person can. Miss Annie Leavenworth seemed to enjoy herself as heartily and unaffectedly as when plunging about after mosses in the woods last summer.

The high point of Strong's life was the Civil War, and though he was too old to serve in uniform, he made notable contributions in other ways. A founder and, throughout the war, treasurer and member of the executive committee of the U.S. Sanitary Commission, he wore himself out in the work of this invaluable voluntary organization which rendered desperately needed service in camp and field and hospital. His other contribution was the magnificent day-by-day record of the war in his diary: informed, graphic, deeply emotional, it will take its place (enriched by the editorial wisdom of Mr. Nevins) as one of the most absorbing and moving accounts of that great conflict.

Strong's last decade was lived in a period of American life least likely to afford satisfaction to a man of his high principles—the disillusioning post-war years of boom, panic, and depression, of crudity and brummagem taste, of scandals in high and low places, of corruption in all levels of government, and—this really hurt—the judiciary and the bar. Finally, secure in personal fortune, Strong withdrew from Wall Street and the law altogether and devoted the last years of his life to the controllership of the Trinity corporation. When he died, in the summer of 1875, the President of the United States came to Trinity Church for the funeral, and when G. T. S. was laid to rest, it was in the old Brownejohn vault in the shadow of that edifice.

THEODOSIA BURR (1783–1813)

By John Vanderlyn, 1809 or 1811

*Gift of Dr. John E. Stillwell, 1931*

# "AN INTERCOURSE OF THE HEART"

## SOME LITTLE-KNOWN LETTERS OF THEODOSIA BURR

*by* DOROTHY VALENTINE SMITH*

MORE THAN forty letters written by Theodosia Burr to her half brother John Bartow Prevost and his wife were acquired by The New-York Historical Society in 1951 through the Foster-Jarvis Fund. Ranging from the first note carefully penned by a precocious eleven-year-old in 1794 to the last written in 1810 by the tragic young woman who might have been a queen, these letters comprise the largest unpublished collection of Theodosia's correspondence extant. They had been in the possession of descendants of John Bartow Prevost and were little known to Burr biographers.

They portray an affectionate, fun-loving, often lonely, young girl who adored her brother. Bartow Prevost, who had been admitted to the bar in 1790, was at least fifteen years older than Theodosia but theirs was, as she noted later, "an intercourse of the heart." She twitted him about his flirting, worried about his health and finances, chided him for "giddiness" when he was in Paris as James Monroe's secretary, and warmly approved his marriage to Frances Ann Smith in February 1799. Miss Smith was the daughter of Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, president of Princeton. Fifteen letters to Frances Prevost over a three-year period have the same warmly affectionate tone.

Theodosia Burr was acknowledged the most beautiful, learned and elegant young lady in America at the close of the 18th century. She was the exquisite proof of her father's belief, rare for the times, that women had intellects and souls as well as pretty ways. She was born in Albany, on the twenty-first of June 1782, where her father, Col. Aaron Burr, a brave and dis-

* Miss Smith, a director and former Vice President of the Staten Island Historical Society and for some years an associate editor of *The Staten Island Historian*, has just completed a book-length biography of Theodosia Burr based upon eight years of research in nineteen States, England, Peru, and the West Indies. This work, when published, will be reviewed in this *Quarterly*.

tinguished officer of the Revolution, had recently started practicing law. Her mother was Theodosia Bartow Prevost, the widow of a British officer, Lt. Col. James Marcus Prevost.

In marrying Mrs. Prevost, "Little" Burr had acquired not only a wife but the four children of her first marriage: Augustine James Frederick, John Bartow, Anne Louisa, and Mary Elizabeth. His marriage had roused considerable gossip, for from a worldly view it was not the sort of union expected for one of the Colonel's talents and background. The lady was ten years his senior, was in poor health, had little money, and had been the wife of an enemy, although her own sympathies had been known to be with the American cause. But despite all these disadvantages the Burrs were deeply in love and remained devoted for the nearly twelve years of their married life.

From the time that she was a chubby, rosy-cheeked toddler Colonel Burr directed his daughter's upbringing. She could write a fair hand before she was five years old and her taste for study even then proved her worthy of her intellectual inheritance, worthy of such scholars, clergymen, and leaders in the moral and intellectual life of the Colonies as Jonathan Edwards, James Pierrepont, John Warham, Thomas Hooker, and John Bartow. By the time she was ten her studies were as comprehensive as those of a boy of the same age. She went through a daily lesson in Terence, construed forty lines in Virgil, and had started Greek. In addition she had lessons in dancing and on the harp and pianoforte. Her pleasures were those of any small girl. She was fond of dolls, loved animals, and was a good horsewoman.

On the eighteenth of May 1794, Mrs. Burr died after a long and painful illness. By this loss the relationship between Theodosia and her father became even closer. Disliking the thought of separation, when he returned to Philadelphia in the autumn to continue his term as junior Senator from New York he decided to take her with him for the season in the temporary Federal capital.

"To be sure I was a pretty good traveller a coming here," Theodosia wrote proudly to Bartow, "but I shall be a much better

one a going back. I am happy to hear that that good thought of yours about me is confirmed. . . . As for Virgil Terence and Plautus they have not yet arrived you take a great liberty in calling every author I read my freind however they are so much my friend that I'll continue the acquaintance for mine not their sake. . . . I have got my watch and it is very handsome we are at the city tavern. . . . I declare it is an easy place to live in you have only to put your hand in your pocket and hall out some money and every thing is at your service. We pay thirty dollars a week. . . ."

A few days later she reported: ". . . . I went to hear the President's speech to both the houses of congress he was dressed in a compleet suit of black velvet I heard very little and understood less but I was much gratified with the show but what would have been of mos importance to you was a great display of beauty!"

By the middle of December they were living at Mr. Wescott's at the cornor of Eighth and Market Streets. Alexis, her father's servant, had a problem about which Theodosia asked Bartow's help:

> Alexis knows a mulato girl who lived in this city but is now in virginia, he has taken in his head within a few days that he is in love with her and wants to write to her as I am not versed in love letters I wish you would write a proper one and send it to me as quick as possible. I have put him off a little while to write it in English. Her name is Miss Maria Williams do be quick. . . .

Apparently Theodosia had no cause to complain as she frequently did about Bartow's slowness in replying. His effort met "citoyen" Alexis' need. "I am much obliged to you for the love letter," she wrote saucily. "It is warm, languishing & passionate. I suppose it is nearly a copy of what you have made use of in times of distress or at least affected distress. . . ."

Early in 1795 Bartow Prevost sailed for France where he stayed for two years as secretary to James Monroe. Theodosia's letters followed him there, keeping him informed about the family, the latest gossip in New York and Philadelphia and at times lecturing him about his shortcomings.

Mr. Brother I fear that the pleasures of Paris have turned your head, [*she chided*,] you have been negligent in several things which Papa & his friends have charged you with, reflect an instant how ungratefully you treated M. Hautieve [Alexandre Maurice Blanc de Lanautte, Comte d'Hauterive, French consul at New York, 1793–94] who was so kind to you, who so warmly recommended you to his friends who withal is a great friend of Papa's, which (if he had never spoken to you) should at least induce you to use him more respectfully, I can hardly believe it when I think that you wrote him but one line telling him that you sent him by Mr. Robertson a box which contained some garden seeds; if any of his family were sick or dead, *tant pis pour eux*. Then not even to have the box addressed to him or to see it shiped off or to send the bill of lading which I even would have done if I had been charged with a friends commission. . . . Think what shame such conduct brings on yourself, on our dear Papa who is in sort responsible for all you do. I have heard of several such instances of your folly & indifference or rather giddiness for I can not think you do it through a bad heart.

I suppose you have been told fifty times that James Morris is married but I believe this is the first time you hear he has got a child. . . . They say C Van Allen will soon marry Greenleaf & that Polly is engaged to Harry Livingston, younger son of Walter. Betsey Barclay is already married to Schuyler Livingston Harry's brother not long arrived from the East Indies. Mrs. Upton has grown quite gay & is our New York Belle. . . . Caesar has gone to England with young Shaw his old master's son. . . .

In the midst of disputes between Federalists and Republicans, Monroe was recalled from France in 1796, so Theodosia was looking forward to her brother's return by the spring of 1797. As she wrote to Bartow on the twenty-first of April from her father's New York town house, 30 Partition (now Fulton) Street, at the corner of Church Street, she was doubtless still feeling pleased with the compliments she had recently received over the dinner that she had given for the Mohawk chief, Colonel Joseph Brant—a dinner for fourteen, given during her father's absence in Philadelphia. Her guests had included some of the most important gentlemen in New York.

Do we see you soon, [*she inquired*,] or are you reluctant to leave the gaiety & Elegance of Paris for sorrowful little N. York. I suppose you'll say: *Mon Dieu comme je m'ennui dans cette petite ville*. I think it a sad thing to have relations who travel they come home so very learned though I hope you will not be quite so much the "*Tippy*" as some are.

I hope Mad^e^ Tallien is well for by all accounts you are at present one

of her gallants, which though it may be a great honor is not a very rare one. Pray give my love to her and wish her from me, Health, happiness & immortal beauty—The last I take it implies the other two—Lord how I admire her Spirit—

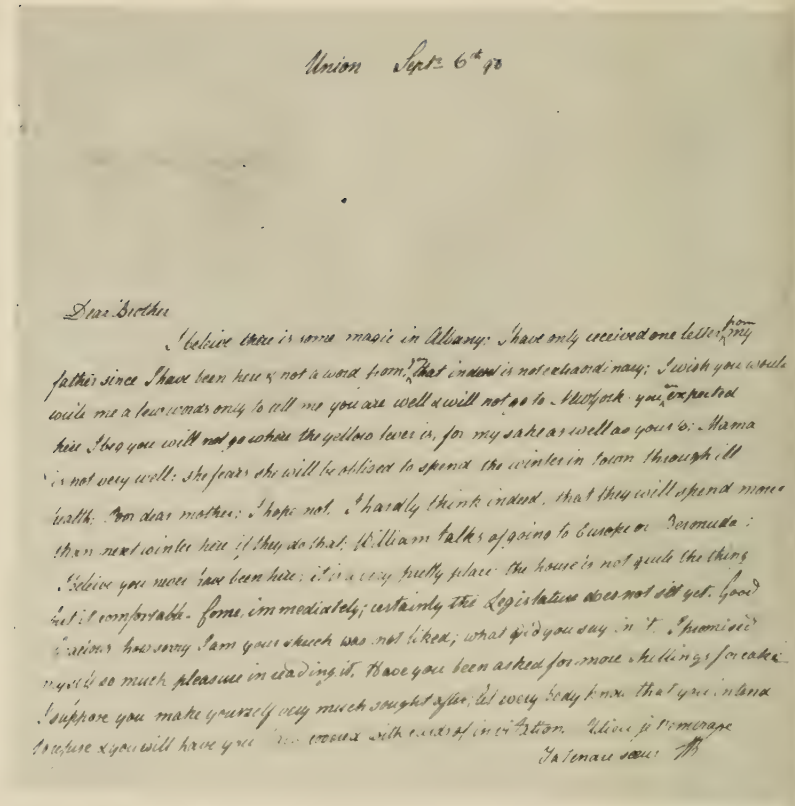
When his term in the United States Senate was completed in 1797 Colonel Burr was elected to the New York Assembly. In January, 1798, Theodosia accompanied him to Albany as he assumed his duties in the legislature.

"Albany is not as much like purgatory as I had expected to find it," she reported to Bartow, who was back in New York and practicing law at 55 William Street. "We are looking out for new lodgings, our landlady encreases our price & diminishes our conveniences every day. . . . Papa & myself road a mile & an half on the river a day or two ago. . . ."

Skating and sleighing parties made life gay and diverting in the State capital that winter but Theodosia's lessons continued. Nothing was permitted to interfere with the plan of education which her father had laid out. Parties and dances were all very well and the Yateses, Witbecks and Waltons and other old friends of her parents could pet and indulge her, but each day certain hours were set aside for Latin, Greek, French, and ancient history. Her mental training was not, however, overshadowing the social graces necessary for her future position in society. In problems of deportment and dress Mary Allen, an old friend of the Burrs, advised Theodosia. Ever since Mrs. Burr's death Mrs. Allen had been "Mother" and "Mama." During the summers when yellow fever ravaged New York Theodosia escaped to "Allen House" at Union, which was, according to the post mark, near Pittstown.

"What will become of me when Mama goes to Phil[a]," she lamented to Bartow. "I shall have no female friend: but I will not be sad in advance. . . ."

But the lack of a "female friend" promised to be of short duration. ". . . . when is she [Frances Ann Smith] to be my sister," she asked her brother on January 13, 1799. "I will be bridesmaid, if I should go to Princeton on foot & alone for it. . . ."



THEODOSIA BURR TO HER HALF BROTHER, JOHN BARTON PREVOST
Union, New York, September 6, 1798
*The New-York Historical Society*

On the fifth of February 1799, Bartow and Frances were married.

Although Frances Prevost was fourteen years older than Theodosia, they immediately became devoted friends as well as sisters. Frances acted as chaperon to the City Assembly cotillions, during coachee parties around Manhattan Island, and when Theodosia took the air in Broadway during the fashionable "genteel lounge" of early afternoon.

"How happy it makes me to hear that you have a salary & are

industrious," she wrote Bartow upon hearing that he had become secretary of the new bank formed by the Manhattan Company. "Papa wrote me you were & well I know you must be industrious indeed if he says it: when I first saw it I thought your salary was in pounds it made me jump for joy—but we will be contented as it is—will the office you hold prevent the other party's giving you their business—keep that," she advised, "but in every other form resign politics: they will do you no good perhaps they may do you much harm: Will you ever be able to pay your debts? Oh dear brother, that I had a large fortune it should be yours to pay what you owe & make Frances & yourself happy. . . ."

In addition to worrying about Bartow's debts Theodosia was shocked to discover that Frederick Prevost, who had supplied a twenty-thousand-dollar bond for her father's dealings in the Holland Land Company, might lose his entire property. On the thirtieth of August 1799, she wrote to Bartow:

> I was not a little surprise & afflicted the other day on seeing our unfortunate brother's farm advertised: sure it will not be sold, it is impossible: it is his all: it would be cruel to deprive him of it. I hope my father has found some means of raising the money: if not what becomes of poor Frederick: you must not fail to write me what has been done for him. Whether Papa is able to remedy the evil. You do not know how uneasy, how anxious I am. Do I beg of you conquer your indolence & tell me whether it is determined that some misery should constantly attend us; dear fellow how little he deserves such a fate. I beseech you if you care for my peace of mind satisfy my wish to know how Frederick is extricated from this difficulty. . . .

A gap of nearly a year occurs in the collection of Theodosia's letters to the Prevosts. The next note, dated August 26, 1800, was written to Frances from Providence, Rhode Island. Fierce battles were expected in the coming Presidential election and as a master strategist for the Republicans Colonel Burr hoped to capture Rhode Island electors for his party. Theodosia went with him on his visit to that state.

> You must be surprized at my silence after all my good determinations; but in fact I have not found that *great* variety of incident which I had anticipated in a ride of two hundred miles. We arrived at Newport after

a delightful sail of two & twenty hours; & thence we came here by land the country is beautiful, some of the views are really charming and the inhabitants are hospitable, but I do not think it very necessary to *get* in many houses unless you are amused and that does not so often happen here; the yellow fever is now the principal subject of conversation; it is both in Providence & Newport; very slightly however & will soon entirely disappear; but you can not imagine how convenient it is to talk of, we sometimes discant upon it with a vast deal of ingenuity and after an half hour's silence take it up again. Mr. A. is with us; but your prophecy is not likely to be verified; notwistanding your usual accuracy on all subjects. . . .

The Burr's traveling companion "Mr. A." may have been a wealthy, talented South Carolinian named Joseph Alston. And it is also likely that Frances Prevost's "prophecy" may have been a romantic one concerning "Mr. A.'s" intentions. In any event, whether or not Joseph Alston was the "Mr. A." of Theodosia's letter from Providence, by the autumn of 1800, after his return to South Carolina to win his State for the Republicans, his letters to Theodosia indicate that he was deeply in love and wanted to marry her as soon as possible.

If she looked upon him with anything more than friendship she gave no indication. She was in no hurry to give an answer and it was not until the eleventh of December, 1800, that she gave him permission to come to New York to convince her. From a worldly view she would be making an excellent marriage. Joseph Alston was talented, wealthy, and his family was distinguished, although there were other men of wealth and position who could offer as much and who would not take her away from her father and friends. Her father's final service in the State legislature required him to be in Albany early in the New Year. Theodosia planned to go with him. Joseph could follow them there.

So it was at Albany, with only a day or two to arrange for the wedding, that they were married on Monday evening, February 2, by the Rev. John Johnson of the Dutch Reformed Church. Next day they started back to New York and a brief honeymoon at Richmond Hill. "Papa" Burr would join them later on his way

"RICHMOND HILL," NEW YORK RESIDENCE OF AARON AND THEODOSIA BURR

Formerly the home of Vice President Adams, Charleston St. east of Varick "[Cornelius] Tiebout Del. & Sculp$^{t}$"; "New York Mag. June, 1790."

*Hand-colored print at The New-York Historical Society*

to Washington and the inauguration of the first Republican President.

By the middle of March, Theodosia would have her first introduction to the baronial life of a Low Country plantation and the gaiety of Charleston, rated the most sophisticated city in America.

On the twenty-sixth of March she announced their safe arrival at Clifton to Frances Prevost. Clifton, on the Waccamaw peninsula, was the plantation of Col. William Alston, Joseph's father.

Here I am, ma belle soeur, at home without accident or adventure. We arrived on the 21 & the family are so kind & so amiable that I am already quite at ease: the idea we have at the northward of the reserve & coldness of the Carolina women is ridiculous: it has at least refuted in those I have seen. . . . We have heard nothing of our clothes but they are I suppose in Charleston where we expect to go in a few days. Adieu, Health, Happiness & just a fondness for writing—to me at least. . . I do not kiss my brother he will be better pleased if you do it for me.

A little over a fortnight later she reported: "Our trunks, ma

chere soeur, have arrived at Charleston & we expect them here tomorrow—I will not thank you for the classics but I shall value them more than any miser ever valued his treasure. . . ."

With the approach of hot weather the Alstons sought relief from the oppressive atmosphere and fevers of the Low Country. Joseph announced his intention of taking Theodosia on a tour northward. They would sail for New York early in June and then travel as far as Canada by way of the Falls of Niagara. They had reached Utica by July 17.

Thus far, my belle soeur, without even an adventure, [*Theodosia lamented*,] which I should have liked very much. . . . I hope before the end of our journey to have the pleasure of oversetting two or three times, & of meeting with other amiable varieties—We shall leave this either to-night or tomorrow morning & in a week we expect to be at Niagara—We shall reach Canadarque [Canandaigua] on the twentieth & from thence Mr. & Mrs. [Thomas] Morris [son of Robert Morris] will accompany us to the falls. . . . Pray risk a letter to Montreal.

Colonel Brant, the Mohawk chieftain entertained at dinner by Theodosia five years before, urged them to visit him in his kingdom at Grand River, seventy miles above the Falls in Upper Canada.

"I feel some curiosity to know in what stile he lives," Theodosia wrote Frances from Newark [Niagara-on-the-Lake] in Upper Canada on July 31. "Thence we shall go to New York, Kingston, Montreal & Quebec, *peutêtre* to Halifax. . . . If you think worthwhile to follow us on a map sometimes—you will probably find this place marked down Niagara which was once its name."

By the last week of October 1801, they were well on their way back to South Carolina. At Fayetteville, North Carolina, they expected to find a message from Colonel Alston informing them as to the healthfulness of Charleston. If the fever was no longer in the city they would go there to look over the house on Church Street which was being prepared for them.

When next I return to N York, [*Theodosia wrote Frances*,] I hope we may have the pleasure of seeing *our two sons* playing together. Will not that be charming? We contemplate a visit to my friends in a twelve

month hence, but what new relation we shall introduce to you I shall be better able to tell about the middle of May—if a daughter my only wish is that she may be the Frances of her day. . . . The furniture Christian has sent us is such as would be too great an impeachment on my taste ever to remain in the house. He had made some handsome I have heard, but that was seized and he substituted anything that was most convenient. . . . I wish you could join me in a walk I am just going to make under a row of orange trees in full bloom—mingled with myrtle cape jessamin, Pomegranate & Oleander—& as it is Papa's garden I spare nothing.

The Alstons' child, a son, was born in Charleston on May 22. There was no question about his name. He was to be called Aaron Burr Alston for his illustrious grandfather, the Vice President of the United States.

Once again a northern voyage to escape the fevers and miasmas of Carolina was projected. Joseph Alston couldn't leave the State because he would soon be fighting an election battle for a seat in the legislature but he agreed with Colonel Burr that Theodosia and the baby should escape to New York and Richmond Hill, and later, if her health demanded, she could take the waters at Lebanon or Ballston Spa. Joseph's eldest sister, Maria, Lady Nisbett, would be their traveling companion. On the sixteenth of June they set sail on the brig *Comet*. But Theodosia was still extremely weak and ill.

You know the disagreeable disorder with which I am tormented [*she wrote Frances*]. The last time Dr. [Samuel] Bard was here Mama spoke to him on the subject. He recommended partial cold bathing. . . . Mrs. A. thought walking occasioned my pain but that is not so for before Dr. B arrived I used to walk more without feeling any inconvenience. She wishes to know whether nursing does not occasion this continuance of my evil & if so what is to be done—I should be very sorry to give up my brat. Will you, my dear Frances . . . see Dr B & speak to him? You need not tell him my disorder, that he knows, you need only tell him the effect of his prescription & ask what I must now do. . . .

The waters at Lebanon were not effecting a cure and Frances Prevost continued to receive disturbing accounts of Theodosia's condition.

You can not imagine how grateful I am for your attention & trouble in sending me the prescription etc, [*Theodosia wrote*,] for I was every

day becoming worse– & perhaps should have been past a cure in a short time if you had not thought of me–if gratitude is due to a person who saves our life, how much more do we owe one who preserves us from some dreadfully lingering disorder, never, never, my best friend, shall I forget this mark of your affection–how few women are there who could have risen superior to all that false delicacy in which our sex in general rather pride themselves, even though the happiness of one they love is at stake! But this is not the first instance in which my dear Frances has shown herself above the rest of the world. Your recompense is the recollection of how many pangs of body & mind you have saved one who loves you with all their heart. . . .

By the tenth of August Theodosia was feeling much more cheerful and hopeful. "My cure appears to me now beyond a doubt," she told Frances. She was planning to set out for New York the next day, escorted by her uncle, Dr. Joseph Browne. They would drive from Lebanon to Albany and take a river sloop to the city. At nearby Richmond Hill she and her son would pass the rest of the summer with Papa Burr.

Theodosia's letter of August 10, 1802 is the last to Frances Prevost in the collection. A letter to her brother Frederick indicates that an estrangement separated Theodosia from Bartow and his wife shortly afterward and that the silence lasted for five years. It took the anxiety of Colonel Burr's trial for treason to cause Frances and Bartow to break that silence by writing to Theodosia.

During those years Bartow had served as Recorder of New York City and then had moved his family to New Orleans where, through Vice President Burr's influence, he had obtained a judgeship. During that same period Theodosia had watched her husband win eminence in the political life of South Carolina and her father, after the tragedy of his duel with Alexander Hamilton and his term of Vice President was completed, seek a future in a utopia beyond the Rio Grande–dreams that promised them an empire stretching as far as Yucatan–dreams that were shattered in the winter of 1806–07 by betrayal and disaster.

The last letter of the collection was written by Theodosia to Bartow on March 10, 1810, from the Oaks, the Alstons' rice

plantation on the Waccamaw peninsula. Frances had died in October 1807, leaving an infant daughter and three other children: Theodosia, James Marcus and Samuel Stanhope, who were later sent to be reared at Princeton in their grandfather's house.

> Thank you, my beloved Brother, [*she wrote*,] for your kind letters; indeed you do not know how it delights me to find that you really regret the loss of that happy intimacy, that intercourse of the heart which once subsisted between us. Your letters reached me at a time when, for many reasons, I am peculiarly alive to the attentions of those who love me. They arrived during the course of a long & painful illness from which I am now scarcely beginning to recover. I write to you laying on my side, & with a trembling hand.
>
> My dear little Thea has written to me several times; poor girl, I fear she thinks me very neglectful; but it shall very soon be my care to obliterate this impression—for her letters really do her honor, & I take pride in her progress. She says her Brothers are the finest boys in their school; & I am sure she is right. . . . Pray tell me whether you mean to abandon N. Orleans altogether. I fear that your fortune will suffer by the removal—or are you completely disentralled from all your late shackles—even if you should be, I wish you to do more than that.—Will you visit us this spring on your way northward? How rejoiced I shall be to see you! Will you come? We shall leave this part of the country late in May for the mountains, where my Husband has at length purchased a place, to my infinite joy. . . . Adieu Mr. A. begs me to assure you of his affectionate recollection & Burr kisses you.

Theodosia had a final shattering tragedy to endure. Ten-year-old Aaron Burr Alston, her adored son, on whom was centered all their hopes, died of a fever on June 30, 1812.

The last days of her life are shrouded in mystery, a mystery that today still is as tantalizing as on that day early in January 1813, when the *Patriot*, a former privateer engaged by Joseph Alston to carry Theodosia to New York to visit her father, was halted by a British frigate, searched, and permitted to resume the voyage and then was never heard from again.

Bartow Prevost's last years were spent as a special agent of the United States to South America, especially to Chile and Peru as consul. He died alone among the natives of the Peruvian Andes, in March 1825, on his way to Cuzco; and being a Protestant was denied the right of Christian burial.

NEW NETHERLAND PROVERB WINDOWS AND THEIR SOURCES

The windows (left), probably by one of the New York Duyckincks, are owned by Dr. Cushman Haggensen at Sneden's Landing on the Hudson and their inscriptions are translated in the *NYHS Quarterly*, April 1952, pp. 152–153. The engravings (right) are of designs by Adriaan van de Venne (1589–1680) as reproduced in *Alle de Werken van den Herre Jacob Cats* [(1577–1660)] . . . in the Amsterdam edition of 1712 at NYHS, pp, 491, 517, 613 (top to bottom).

# MORE STORIED WINDOWS*

*by* R. W. G. Vail

IT IS much easier to take up an interesting topic than to lay it down and so it has proven in this brief study of the early stained glass windows of the colony of New York. For example, we were particularly anxious to know the source of the designs for the three amusing Dutch proverb windows reproduced in the previous article from the originals in the home of Dr. Cushman Haagensen. They seemed very familiar but no one could tell where they were originally published. However, in a search for early Dutch illustrations showing heraldic windows in actual use, Mr. Karl Küp of the New York Public Library suggested that an examination of the hundreds of illustrations in the collected works of the popular Dutch poet Jacob Cats, might prove rewarding. It did indeed, for we found there not only interior scenes showing the use of heraldic windows but also the originals of the three proverb windows as well, and we learned that they were from the drawings of Adriaan van de Venne and were undoubtedly first published in the seventeenth century. So that you may see how closely the windows copied the original engravings, we reprint them along with the illustrations from Jacob Cats' *Alle de Wercken* . . ., Amsterdam, 1712, pp. 491, 517 and 613, the earliest edition in our library, though the work was published several years earlier as you may see from the checklist of editions at the end of this article.

We had tried in vain to find out by correspondence which of the original heraldic windows from the Albany second and third Dutch churches were still preserved and so, being in that city on another errand, we visited the Albany Institute and the State Museum and found out for ourselves.

In the Dutch room at the Institute we were delighted to dis-

* This article is a supplement to the author's *Storied Windows Richly Dight* which appeared in the *Quarterly* for April, 1952, p. 149–159.

cover the lefthand two-thirds of the Andries Herbersen window, the rest of it apparently having been lost since it was originally reproduced in Munsell's *Collections*. Shown with it are three similar windows not mentioned in the previous article. One of them is partially captioned as follows: *Klaas Jansen Schuerman en Swaantien Peeters sijn huysvrou, getrout . . . 1710 . . . Anno 1729* [Nicholas the son of John Schuerman (or Farmer) and Swaantien Peeters, his wife, were married . . . 1710 . . . Year 1729]; and another: *Gluchlich is het lant . . . Pieter Pietersen . . . 1665* [Fortunate is the land . . . Peter Peterson . . . 1665]; and a third is an armorial window without name but dated *1619*. These last three windows are obviously the work of the same artist, probably one of the Duyckinck family. There is also another heraldic window in the same collection, the same size as the others but quite different in lettering and workmanship, which has this title: *Wilhelmus Buckem Secretarius dieser Heerlich-/heijt Virsen Joanna Margaretha Menghius huys Vrou We d. d. 1725* [William Buckem, Secretary of this manor . . . Joanna Margaretha Menghius, his wife, . . . 1725].

And in the nearby New York State Museum we found the handsome and unusual window in the form of a semi-circular lunette, about three feet wide, showing the arms of the Van Rensselaer family with the inscription: *Ian Baptit Van Renssilar*, which was given to the museum by the family long after it was removed from the third Dutch church. Being a large contributor to the church and the director of the patroonship, it was not surprising that Van Rensselaer had a second window in the Albany third Dutch church, shown on page 155 of the previous article, the original of which is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a recent bequest of the late Mrs. J. Insley Blair. In an anonymous article: *Albany Fifty Years Ago* which appeared in *Harper's Monthly*, March, 1857, p. 451–463, there is a description of the third Dutch church which includes the statement: "... in the window near the northeast corner of the edifice were the arms of the Van Rensselaer family, wrought in stained

DUTCH HERALDIC WINDOW AS PICTURED
BY VERMEER OF DELFT (1632–1675)

"Officer offering a Glass of Wine to a Young Lady"

*Brunswick Museum, Germany*
*Photo by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

glass. The portion of the window containing the arms is now in possession of General Stephen Van Rensselaer." This interesting reference to the old window was probably written by James B. Eights, fourteen of whose views of old Albany illustrate the article. The Metropolitan also owns an original Flemish heraldic window of nineteen panes, dated 1710, which, however, was never used in America.

And so we have recorded seventeen of these delightful "storied windows," used in the churches or well-to-do homes of New Netherland in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries and of these at least fourteen are still extant, mainly in the museums of Albany and New York City.

## PARTIAL LIST OF THE WRITINGS OF JACOB CATS

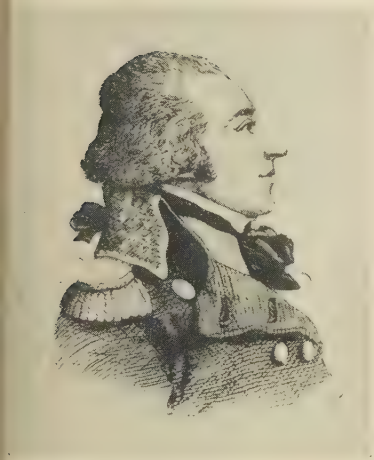
(1577–1660)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Spiegel* | s'Graven-Hage, | 1632 |
| " | " | 1633 |
| " | " | 1647 |
| " | " | 1652 |
| " | " | 1722 |
| *Moral Emblems*, | London, | 1860 LC |
| " | " | 1862 LC |
| *Alle de Wercken*, | Amsterdam, | 1655 |
| " | " | 1658 [1657–59] |
| " | Dordrecht, | 1659 |
| " | Amsterdam, | 1665 |
| " | " | 1700 |
| " | " | 1712 NYHS |
| " | " | 1726 LC, NYPL |
| " | " | 1790–99 |
| " | Schiedam, | 1852–60 |
| " | Tiel, | 1861 |
| " | Schiedam, | [1869] |
| " | " | [1879] |
| " | Dordrecht, | 1880 |

The Amsterdam editions of *Alle de Wercken* and the partial English translation: *Moral Emblems* contain the original illustrations of Adriaan van de Venne, and it is possible that the other editions do as well.

# PRESIDENT WASHINGTON SAYS "NO" TO FORCIBLE REPATRIATION

*by* Charles E. Baker



CITIZEN GENET *c.* 1793

*Engraving at* NYHS

IN THESE DAYS of world-wide isms attempting to win satellites by subversion, of fellow travellers and "democratic" front organizations, of deposed diplomats and refugee officials praying asylum within our jurisdiction, of demands by "people's republics" for the forcible repatriation of such "deviationists" to certain doom, and of abductions or worse to effect such demands, the resultant nightmare of international tension and internal suspicion may seem altogether unprecedented in our historical experience. A letter in the Society's Gallatin Collection, however, recalls the fact that the administration of George Washington faced a remarkably similar situation—one which, to the leaders of that day, seemed fully as threatening to the safety of the republic as the present danger seems to us.

Edmond Charles (called "Citizen") Genet had arrived by way of Charleston, S. C., in April 1793, as minister plenipotentiary of the revolutionary government of France, with instructions to use the United States as a base for military and naval excursions against the enemies of his country; immediately fitted out privateers with letters of marque to prey on British commerce; instructed French consuls at American ports to act as judges of admiralty for condemning the prizes to be brought in; commissioned Americans as French officers to enlist other Americans in military and naval expeditions against Canada, Florida, and

Louisiana; spied upon and stole the papers of resident Frenchmen suspected of disloyalty to the Revolution; incited political subversion of the American government through the press, through "democratic societies," and through alleged conspiracies which reached even into the State Department; threatened (as Dallas reported to Gallatin, ALS, Nov. 8, 1793, at NYHS) to appeal if necessary from the President to the people; and soon had the country and the government in such turmoil that a high American official stated his fear of the imminence even of civil war. All this is well known and resulted in Washington's request, dated August 23, 1793, for Genet's recall. It was also in part responsible for the feuds in Washington's Cabinet which ended with Jefferson's resignation as Secretary of State on the last day of that year.

Even more drastic changes had been taking place in the government of France. The Girondists, to whom Genet and the consuls who worked under him owed their appointments, had been overthrown by the Jacobins under Robespierre and would soon feel "the kiss of Madame Guillotine." It was therefore a ministry hostile to Genet and all his works which received the request for his recall, accordingly appointed Jean Antoine Joseph Fauchet to succeed him, and on October 16, 1793, issued an order for his arrest. But of all this Genet and his consuls remained blissfully unaware and continued in the exercise of their extraordinary functions until Fauchet's arrival in Philadelphia in February 1794 with a decree from the Committee of Public Safety to depose the offending consuls and to arrest Genet. Of the succeeding events Rufus King (*Life and Correspondence*, I:478–9) reported:

> The President told me, that *Fauchet* had demanded the delivery of Genet, in order to send him to France by the Return of the ships of war in wh. *he* arrived . . .; that it had been concluded that it was best to refuse this requisition; that Fauchet had then been received as Genet's successor and that enquiry had been made whether the Government would wink at an attempt to seize and send Genet to France; that this had been discountenanced and upon this Principle . . . that in case of his being sent home, he would be guillotined . . .; and . . . that this would excite Parties [favorable to Genet in America].

Genet even believed—so he wrote to Jefferson afterwards—that a guillotine had been brought with Fauchet to America "so that I might be executed aboard Vaustable's convoy [as a spectacle to please Washington] or at Brest; Robertspierre [*sic*] . . . having given orders not to allow me to arrive alive in Paris. . . ." Despite Washington's refusal of extradition, Genet feared for his life, for it was common gossip that Fauchet had threatened to abduct him; and Edmond Randolph, Jefferson's successor as Secretary of State, had told Genet "confidentially . . . that if France insisted one would see if the powers of the President, which in this respect [the refusal to allow Genet's extradition] were questionable, could not offer some expedient, nevertheless, in order to do what France wished." (Genet to Jefferson, July 4, 1797.)

The deposed Girondist consuls who had taken their orders from Genet, horribly aware of the long hand of the Terror and of the attempts forcibly to repatriate the "Citizen," felt no less misgivings than he for their own security. One of these was Alexandre Maurice Blanc de Lanautte, Comte d'Hauterive (1754–1830), who had succeeded Crèvecoeur as French consul at New York, May 6, 1793, and was himself replaced by Citizen Arcambal in March 1794. He felt his cause to be particularly hopeless. By the Law of Suspects, passed by the French Convention in September 1793, every person who was of noble birth, or had held office under the King, or had any connection with an émigré was subject to arrest and imprisonment or trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Hauterive was suspect on all three counts, being an aristocrat and former diplomat for Louis XVI and, by his own New York journal (Ms. at NYHS), a confessed friend and sympathizer with specified émigrés. (See *NYHS Quarterly*, April 1949, pp. 69–86.) He knew that, should he be returned to France, he would receive short shrift from the Revolutionary Tribunal, for the Law of 22 Prairial had even denied the right of counsel and examination of witnesses to prisoners such as he. He determined, therefore, to cling to his haven in New York—that "Calypso's island amid the tempests of the

Adriatic"—so long as the American government stood firm in denying his enemies legal access to him. But he was by no means sure that the government would stand firm. Disconcerting rumors had reached him, so on April 12, 1794, he wrote to his friend Albert Gallatin, begging Gallatin to make inquiries which might reassure him. This letter, in the Gallatin Collection at The New-York Historical Society and translated by Wayne Andrews Curator of Manuscripts, follows:

New York 12 April 1794
Year 2 of the Fr Rep
Year 18 of the Amer Rep

A letter has just been shown to me, Sir, which exposes, in no uncertain terms, the scheme of having all the deposed agents of the Republic arrested, abducted by force of arms, torn from the safeguard of the laws of this country and sent, by violent means, to judges whose minds have been made up—crazed enemies—in whose eyes our arrest will be a conviction—a proof of emigration—and who will think it hardly worth while to prepare our case for trial, since we have already been judged by the American government and by the French legation; this strange demand was made by the new legation on its arrival; the government knew its duty under the constitution and refused; but today this demand is made again, and this persistance, under the orders of a man who knows the laws of this country, indicates a sort of hope that the government will have the courage to violate these laws in order to satisfy a resentment which it knows something about.

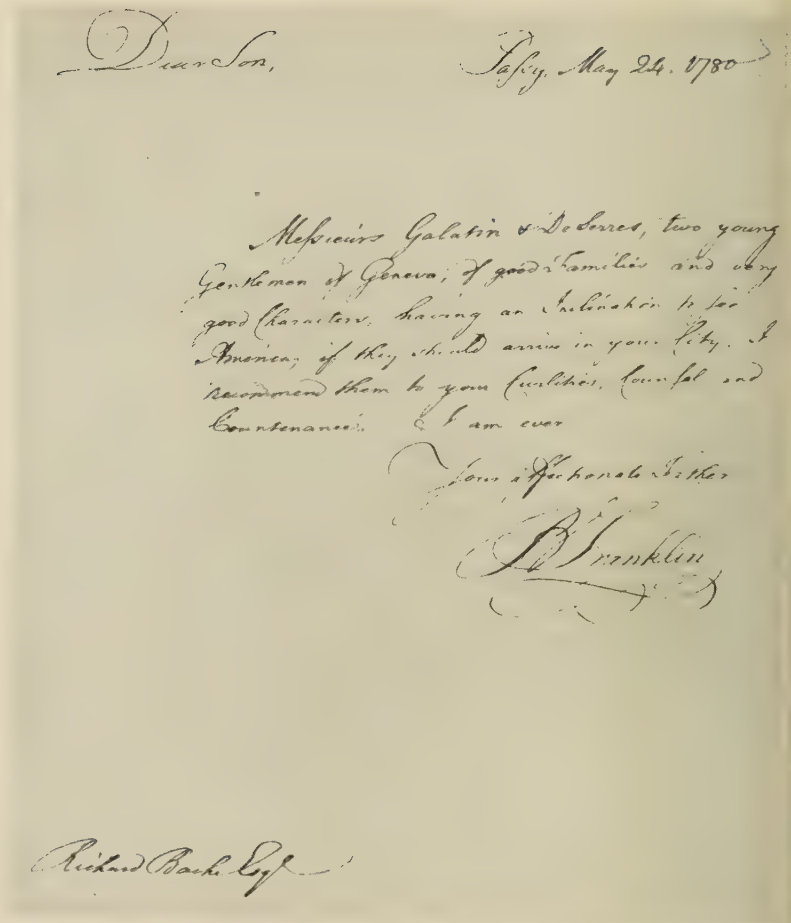
No matter how much attention I ought to pay to the information given me, this stubborn persecution is so iniquitous and ferocious that I can't really believe it's true. You are the friend of my friends, you have given me indications of your friendship, you have shown your esteem for me: I address myself to you to beg you to use all your intelligence and all your prudence to find out to what extent my enemies (and I don't know how I made myself such enemies) have hopes to consummate their vengeance, and to what extent that hope is founded on facts. In considering such a scheme an attack on the laws, the customs, the opinions, and the friendly hospitality of this country, I could very well expose the scheme to you and to all men who love liberty and who care for national honor, but aside from the fact that I don't know whether this is all a ruse to frighten me horribly, and force me to make complaint to the government, and then to consider this complaint as a crime, I would be terribly sorry to be the subject of any disagreement between the authorities and public opinion. I seek only peace, obscurity, and a haven from this world, and if it's true I can't find it in the very mother country of liberty, I shall go

live with the savages, and conceal my existence which has already been so troubled a life, glad to bear with me a pure conscience, and glad to forget mankind and remember a few individuals who, like you, sir, took an interest in my troubles. In thinking of these few friends I shall console myself for the apathy of cowards and the hatred of evil men.

HAUTERIVE

Hauterive's fears, however well grounded, proved to be useless. Not only did Washington remain unshakeably opposed to forcible repatriation, but the new French agents in America allowed themselves to be persuaded that Hauterive's health would not permit his immediate return to France. Besides, they had need of him to help with straightening out the complicated affairs of the consulate and, still later, Fauchet's successor, minister Adet, found him useful as an "Agent intermédiaire" with Congress. Not till the summer of 1797, when the Terror had run its course, Robespierre had followed the Girondists to the guillotine, and conservative forces had gained control of the government of France, did Hauterive feel well enough to return to his homeland. In 1798 he became a divisional chief in the Department of Foreign Affairs under Talleyrand, rose in the diplomatic ranks under Napoleon, and died at last the archivist of France, full of "good-will and affection" for the country that had provided him asylum in his need.

Citizen Genet, late in 1794, married Cornelia, the daughter of Governor George Clinton of New York, became an American citizen and a respectable country squire, and died in Schodak, N. Y., July 14, 1834, never having returned to his capricious fatherland. Washington's unmoveable rectitude in preventing the forcible repatriation of those refugee Frenchmen, whose loyalty to their revolutionary instructions in attempting to subvert his own administration was dubbed criminal "deviationism" by the new revolutionary "line," had saved for France a valuable public servant, for America the founder of a distinguished family, and for both countries an escape from the dishonor with which weakness in the one and further bloody vengeance in the other would have branded them.


Dear Son,

Passy, May 24. 1780

Messieurs Galatin & Dubourg, two young Gentlemen of Geneva, of good Families and very good Characters, having an Inclination to see America, if they should arrive in your City, I recommend them to your Civilities, Counsel and Countenance. I am ever

Your affectionate Father

B Franklin

Richard Bache Esqr

FRANKLIN'S INTRODUCTION OF GALLATIN TO THE NEW WORLD

Benjamin Franklin, Passy, France, May 24, 1780, to Richard Bache of Philadelphia

*Gift of Mr. Albert Gallatin, 1952*

# GALLATIN'S LAST DAYS

## AS RECORDED BY JAMES WADDEL ALEXANDER

*Edited by* WAYNE ANDREWS, *Curator of Manuscripts*

THE SOCIETY'S already extensive collection of the papers of Albert Gallatin and the Gallatin Family has recently been strengthened by the gift of over three hundred letters and documents from Mr. Albert Gallatin, great-grandson of the Albert Gallatin who was Jefferson's Secretary of the Treasury, and by the bequest of over eight hundred letters and documents from the estate of the late Albert Eugene Gallatin, also a great-grandson.

Included in Mr. Albert Gallatin's gift was the letter of Benjamin Franklin to Richard Bache, May 24, 1780, introducing the future Secretary of the Treasury to the New World. This letter is reproduced on the page opposite.

Included in the bequest from the estate of Albert Eugene Gallatin were nineteen pages of notes taken after interviews with Albert Gallatin in the last two years of his life. These notes were made by James Waddel Alexander (1804–1859), then professor of ecclesiastical history at Princeton, later pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Fifth Avenue. The following article consists of excerpts from Alexander.

*December 7, 1847.* I found Mr. Gallatin at his house in Bleecker Street, where he had requested me to meet him, in order to give him a piece of information. In regard to bodily motion, he seems infirm, but the clearness and fire of his eye are wonderful; his hearing is but a little impaired, and his enunciation is excellent. One can scarcely believe that he is eighty-six years of age. "I can work only three or four hours a day," said he, "where I could once work twelve."

Remembering that I was a Presbyterian, he proceeded to make me feel at ease by adding: "I owe almost my whole political promotion to Presbyterians. They sent me to the legislature from Fayette County (Pennsylvania) and then to Congress. I was sent to Congress almost without my own knowledge; for I was not residing in the district. People were afraid

to express themselves in regard to the Insurrection. I came out boldly. So entirely were the Presbyterians for me, that one ticket was called the "Meeting House Ticket." Old Mr. McMillan (afterwards the Rev. Dr. McMillan) was my chief supporter. The Presbyterians were to a man the friends of liberty in Pennsylvania. They have always been so; but sometimes they have mixed too much in politics. . . .

"Strange as it may appear, I never exactly knew the extent of Calvin's opinions, till I learned it from the Presbyterians of Pennsylvania. I regarded him as the glory of our republic, as a great, good, and austere man. He established our liberties. He founded that system of schools which still exists. In Geneva, the *Collège* and the *Académie* are transposed as to name—the college answering to an academy, and *vice versa*. All young men of family used to study law."

To another person Mr. Gallatin said: "Luther was the champion of the Reformation; Zwingli was the martyr of the Reformation; Calvin was the legislator of the Reformation." He further said to me: "I have only one objection to Calvin: he was an aristocrat. The elders of the Church were appointed by the State. So it was in the Reformed Churches of Holland. American Presbyterians have therefore improved on Geneva; but I cannot say so much for the Puritan additions.

"I was a precocious youth, and . . . was led at the age of nineteen to take the sacrament. Our minister (Mr. La Porte) gave us a long preparation—about six months. At that time there were no open Socinians in Geneva, though there were Arians. When the course of instruction was ended, I said to him: Sir, you have, during all this time, given us no statement of your views respecting the person of our Lord.!—He seemed embarrassed and grieved, saying it was a difficult point, and one to be approached with peculiar care. At length, on being pressed, he avowed himself a high Arian. . . .

"Public morals seem to be worse in America than they were formerly; but in this there is some illusion. The matter of Mexico looks unfavourable to our political rectitude. (Mr. Gallatin had just published his pamphlet on this subject.) Our fathers would have acted otherwise. But then you must bear in mind this maxim, *The weak appeal to justice: the strong appeal to might*. Our revolutionary fathers were weak; they gloried in the justice of their cause. Now, it is the Mexicans who are weak; and we are glorying in our national strength.—It would not be possible now-a-days to elect to high office men of such private morals as xxx, xxx, xxx, or even xxx. It would not become my age to repeat what I have heard from old xxx: he was the vilest debauchee I ever knew."

*14 July 1848*. Mr. Gallatin said to me today, "My memory goes back to the first of January, 1765 (?), the day they took me out of infant clothes. On the 29th of that month I was four years old.—I have no remembrance who taught me to read, or when I learned it. I never learned to spell or

ALBERT GALLATIN (1761–1849) AGED EIGHTY-THREE

"Engraved by A. L. Dick from a Daguerreotype by Chilton"

In *The Portraits of Albert Gallatin* by A. E. Gallatin, extra-illustrated

*Bequest of A. E. Gallatin, 1952*

used any primer.—When I was in Geneva during my last visit, I dined at the house of a gentleman, who, during the repast sent me on a plate by a servant an autograph letter which I had written there, when not yet five years of age. It was addressed to his father, Lieut. Col. xxx, and announced the birth of a child in the house, who was no other than my host himself. It had evidently been dictated (by an aunt) but was as well spelled as I could do now.—I learned to read syllabically. All persons should so learn. I am meditating a spelling-book on this plan. What a gain it would be to the masses, to learn to read in six months, instead of two years! I believe it to be possible." Here Mr. Gallatin spoke largely of the hindrances of orthographical systems, and of the moral and religious obstacles produced by the Chinese character; of the attempt made by the Roman Catholic missionaries to Romanize the Chinese language; of the syllabic alphabet of George Guess the Cherokee. . . .

On my mentioning cases in Rush and Abercrombie, of persons who late in life recovered the language of their childhood and even spoke it on their deathbeds, he said: "I can well understand it. For many years I have continually used the English language, yet I have sometimes, especially in my old age, caught myself using French in talking to myself. This last habit I acquired in the following way. If I have any natural peculiarity or talent, it is that of public speaking. I was made however to be a speaker, not a writer. I know nothing of what is called the inspiration of the pen. In my public speeches I never wrote more than the heads. So difficult has writing always been to me, that I early fell into the practice of speaking to myself, as I walked up and down my chamber, thus getting the necessary warmth and then writing down what was thus provided. . . ."

*November 27, 1848.* About noon I again visited Mr. Gallatin; found him in bed. After some preliminaries he began about the letter he was writing to me—the presidential election and the thanks we ought to give for it. Then he proceeded to talk of religion, saying he felt the need of divine aid; that we can know nothing but by revelation; that repentance is necessary; that he had been much engaged in examining himself to see whether he had repented. He added, that it was deeply impressed on him, as never before, that *we can be saved only by Jesus Christ.*

He said the point which had always given him most trouble was 'the double nature of Christ.' This he had never understood. He asked me whether I was a Calvinist. I answered that I was. "I," said he, "have always leaned toward Arminianism; but the points are very difficult." He dwelt on the great importance of seeing wherein all Christians agree, and wherein they differ.

In my remarks, I tried, without shocking his prejudices, or discomposing his mind, (for he is excitable to an extraordinary degree) to draw his thoughts towards the revealed superior nature of Christ. In the course of this conversation he said that he had read Strauss's *Leben Jesu.* He

added: "Strauss is a diminutive mind; he spends pages on pages in frigid dissection of the narrative to show minute discrepancies. The great harmony is the harmony of principles, the harmony of truth. . . . Most of my life," said he, "my great effort has been *to believe*."

I think it was on this occasion that Mr. Gallatin repeated Rousseau's famous saying, "I believe the gospel *in spite* of the miracles," and added: "For my part, I believe the gospel *because* of the miracles."

The next visit of which I have any notes occurred on January 4, 1849. . . . At times he seemed troubled, both as to memory and attention, and all my attempts to bring him back only caused him to lose himself the more: I therefore thought it best to let him follow his own course of thought, and I have notes of his reminiscences of Mr. Madison and Mr. Randolph.

"Every man has his mission. We must admit this, if we take into view that God is almighty and all wise. His plan of all things is working out infinite good. Even the French philosophers of the eighteenth century had a work to perform. It was in the first instance, indeed, a work of *destruction:* but it opened the way for good. And it is worthy of observation, that while that which they meant for evil to religion has perished—that which tended to good, namely, to political freedom, has remained. . . ."

The most touching interview which I ever had with Mr. Gallatin was on the 14th of May, 1849. At this time the venerable man was confined to his bed, in his library, while Mrs. Gallatin was at the point of death in an adjoining room. He wept profusely, and poured out a flood of affectionate and respectful expressions respecting the companion of so many years. He spoke particularly of the impression made in Europe by Mrs. Gallatin's firm and conscientious observance of the Lord's Day. . . . After we had prayed together, he took my hand, and thanked me, with a countenance of such radiance as I shall always remember as most remarkable. Mrs. Gallatin departed during the night. . . .

My visits to Mr. Gallatin were generally in days of great interruption and amidst other duties of similar kind, so that my notes were necessarily brief; and sometimes I omitted all record. Of many conversations on topics not connected with religion, I retain memorandums; but these would be out of place in a communication requested by Mr. Gallatin's near relatives, and intended to afford them my humble and honest testimony concerning his Christian belief.

THE MAYOR OF ANGOULÊME BRINGS GREETINGS TO THE SOCIETY

Before the bust of Verrazano in the Early New York Gallery,
November 28, 1952, left to right:

Mr. Wayne Andrews, Curator of Manuscripts
Professor Jacques Habert, author of *When New York Was Called Angoulême*
Dr. R. W. G. Vail, Director, The New-York Historical Society
M. Roger Baudrin, Mayor of Angoulême, France
Mr. Robert Grave, of the Voice of America
M. Henri Goiran, President, French Folklore Society
Dr. Pierre Courtines, President, Société des Professeurs en Amérique

# THE MAYOR OF OLD ANGOULÊME VISITS NEW ANGOULÊME

## AN EXCHANGE BETWEEN TWO HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

*by* Wayne Andrews, *Curator of Manuscripts*

When the Verrazano statue in Battery Park was rededicated on November 29, 1952, our Society participated in the ceremonies honoring the Florentine navigator who discovered New York harbor in 1524 for Francis I of France. The day before the rededication, Monsieur Roger Baudrin, mayor of the city of Angoulême in the department of la Charente, France, took the trouble to remind us that New York was first named Angoulême after Francis I's ducal title. Paying a special visit to the Society, Monsieur Baudrin presented Dr. Vail with the following letter addressed to Dr. Beekman from Monsieur Charles Daras, president of the Société Archéologique et Historique de la Charente, which, translated from the French, reads:

LA SOCIÉTÉ ARCHÉOLOGIQUE ET HISTORIQUE
DE LA CHARENTE

Angoulême, October 28, 1952

To the President of The New-York Historical Society:

The memory of Lafayette is still alive in our country: the French were therefore particularly happy to learn of Mr. Habert's discovery.* The Archaeological and Historical Society of Charente was all the more pleased since his discovery concerned to the highest degree our province of Angoumois.

It is not without a feeling of pride that we now know that, at its beginning, New York, the greatest city in the world, was called Angoulême.

The Archaeological and Historical Society of Charente is glad to take

* That New York harbor was discovered by a French ship, recounted by Jacques Habert in his book: *When New York Was Called Angoulême* (New York: The Transocean Press, 1949). This book was reviewed in the *NYHS Quarterly*, July 1950, pp. 235–236, by George A. Zabriskie, whose own account of Verrazano's discovery had appeared in the same magazine in January 1944 and was issued separately under the title: "New York's First Visitor."

advantage of Mayor Baudrin's visit to you to address this message of friendship to The New-York Historical Society, which has constantly furthered the efforts made in favor of the Land of Angoulême.

We particularly wish to thank Dr. Fenwick Beekman, its president; Mr. Forsyth Wickes, vice-president, who spoke at the first ceremony organized to bring out the part played by France in the discovery of New York; Mr. George A. Zabriskie, who gave generously of his aid and lent his unreserved support; Mr. R. W. G. Vail, director of the Society, who has extended his coöperation to the French societies.

We invite you to come to France and visit Angoulême, its beautiful cathedral, its ramparts, and the artistic collections of our city.

[Signed:] Charles Daras, *Président de la Société Archéologique et Historique à Angoulême*

Dr. Vail replied with a few well-chosen words in French to Monsieur Baudrin's speech of presentation.† The next morning Dr. Beekman, who was unhappily unable to be present at the ceremony, wrote the following reply (here translated from the French) to the message of good will from our fellow historical society in France:

November 28, 1952

Monsieur Charles Daras, President
Archaeological and Historical Society of Charente
Angoulême, Charente, France

Monsieur:

Your good letter of the 28th of October, which Monsieur Baudrin handed us this morning, deeply moved me. Such a letter allows us to believe that the French, not content with discovering New York in 1524, are still eager to explore America.

If you ever pass through New York, I'd like to greet you in person and have you see the exhibits of our society. You can be certain that we remember the role which France has never ceased to play in American history; as for Angoulême's role, I don't need to underline its importance for us New Yorkers.

Most sincerely yours,

[Signed:] Fenwick Beekman, *President The New-York Historical Society*

† [Editor's Note:] He then handed the letter to Mr. Wayne Andrews, our "conservateur des archives," who accepted the letter with a brief but eloquent address in French.

# BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES

*Recollections of James Lenox and the Formation of His Library*. By Henry Stevens. Revised and Elucidated by Victor Hugo Paltsits, Litt. D. (New York: The New York Public Library. 1951. xxxvi+ 187 pages, indexed, illus. $10.00.)

*The Adventures of a Treasure Hunter. A Rare Bookman in Search of American History*. By Charles P. Everitt. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1951. [6], 265 pages, port. $3.75.)

*Americana—Beginnings. A Selection from the Library of Thomas W. Streeter Shown in Honor of a Visit of the Hroswitha Club on May 3, 1951*. (Morristown: The Author, 1952. xix+ 97 pages, illus. 325 copies of which 50 are for sale by Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston; Edward Eberstadt and Sons and Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles, New York. $15.00.)

Three interesting and important volumes for book collectors have appeared in the last two years, one by a famous antiquarian bookseller talking about his best customer, one by another well-known dealer talking about himself, and the third by a great collector talking about his books. These works are all valuable and if you are an Americana collector or dealer or if you are a librarian, bibliographer, or historian interested in American history, you will learn a lot from all three of them and have plenty of fun into the bargain.

Almost any Americanist will tell you that the greatest book on collecting in his field is the *Recollections of James Lenox and the Formation of His Library*, written by the most important and most delightful of American dealers, Henry Stevens of Vermont, and published for the delectation of all bibliomaniacs and as a filial tribute by Mr. Henry N. Stevens of London in 1886.

Those were the days! The days when Gutenberg Bibles could be had for $2,600, and Bay Psalm Books for nineteen shillings, when one buyer might hope to secure most of the really great books of American history at prices to make the present-day collector moan with agony. The volume is full of the yarns bookmen love and each is told with dry Vermont humor but with much learning and a practical psychologist's shrewd appraisal of his best customer.

When The New York Public Library, which now houses the treasures of the Lenox Collection, decided to reprint Stevens' *Recollections*, it was obvious that there was only one person who could be entrusted with the editing and that, of course, was Dr. Victor Hugo Paltsits, late Keeper of Manuscripts of that library. This, most fittingly, proved to be the last important piece of scholarly work by the man who, after the death of his

former chief Dr. Wilberforce Eames, did most to carry on the memor and traditions of the old Lenox Library.

Dr. Paltsits not only had under his care all of the rare books describe by Stevens but he also had the Lenox papers which contained the corres pondence between the great collector and his shrewd and able Londo agent, the author of the volume to be edited. Consequently, ever sketchily told Stevens story is completely "elucidated" by the notes a the ends of the chapters and all of the natural queries of the reader, read ing two generations after the event, are answered with scholarly deta and charm. As a result, the text of the new edition, if you include th editor's preface and his brief but excellent biographical sketch of Steven is about double that of the original.

The attentive reader will have added greatly to his store of bookis knowledge before he closes the volume and with the editor's excellen analytical index he will be able to refer quickly to a favorite story or desired bit of bibliographical information. Though the original editio was printed in the best manner of the period by the famous Chiswicl Press, even its limited large-paper edition cannot compare with the typo graphical charm of the new second edition with its beautiful title page readable text, and its twenty splendid illustrations, including portraits an glimpses of seventeen of the chief treasures of the Lenox Library. Th colophon of this well-nigh perfect volume states that "One thousan copies of this book have been printed on Archer paper in the Printin Office of The New York Public Library. Illustrations by the Meride Gravure Company. Binding by the J. F. Tapley Company. Designed b John Archer." And it proved to be the last important book designed b that genial and talented printer before his retirement. It is a satisfactio to know that half of the edition is already sold, so laggards should hurr if they are to have the satisfaction of owning a copy.

Our second volume is by a well-known dealer of a later generation wh also made a pleasantly exciting living by supplying his customers witl rare Americana, generally to the advantage of the merchant as we ma surmise from the design of the jacket of the volume which shows th author with eyes modestly lowered but with the symbolical figure in th background of a pirate with one foot on a treasure chest and a horse pisto levelled—presumably at an unwary customer.

Charlie Everitt, who finished *The Adventures of a Treasure Hunte* just before his death on March 4, 1951, was (if he happened to like you a delightful companion and a charming teller of tales in the course o which you would be in no doubt as to the identity of the wisest an shrewdest living dealer in Americana. In the course of the years Charli found some brother dealers who did not appeal to him. One of them i curiously absent from his gallery of familiar faces and you cannot wonde that others seized the book with eager apprehension in order to see how they fared at the hands of their caustic colleague. There were also som

librarians whose erudition did not meet his standards of historical competence and there even seem to have been a sprinkling of spoil sports among his rare-book-collecting cash customers.

The story has gone the rounds that C. P. E.'s book was drastically expurgated by a fellow bookman at the behest of a cautious publisher and it is true that a very few changes were made and at least one transaction was credited to a discreet "John Doe" rather than to its real perpetrator. But enough stories of generous profits did appear in his pages to make the other boys a bit uneasy lest the "consumers" become too wary for the good of the trade. However, Charlie, like Henry Stevens before him, had no objection to telling a yarn in which he got the worst of the bargain and he generally had a wholesome respect and liking for anyone who could beat him to the draw, though in most cases he was, as he would tell you, the one who discovered the treasures and made all the money. Like Stevens, he was a wonderful story-teller; all of his stories are interesting and many of them are accurate. A shrewd operator who tried to appear hard-boiled but was kindly in his unguarded moments, Charlie Everitt liked a few people but appeared to dislike more (to hear him tell it) but you couldn't be sure, for he always tried to seem tougher than he was, for he was "a pungent, devil-may-care, salty character" who assiduously cultivated his reputation for eccentricity.

His book is not indexed, probably as a warning that it should not be used as a work of reference, but you will go far to find better rare-book yarns and, if you knew their author, you probably will remember him with a kindly and reminiscent smile.

Most people would be at a loss to identify the Hroswitha Club for whose delight Mr. Thomas W. Streeter got out 79 nuggets from his incomparable private library of Americana after lunch at his Morristown home one day in May of 1951 and for whose members he later prepared this sumptuous catalogue of the exhibit.

The Hroswitha Club, named for the first Teutonic woman collector of rare books (who, in the all but forgotten past, was also a nun and a writer of plays), is made up of a sprightly and distinguished group of women book collectors some of whose men folks are members of the Grolier Club and other exclusively male retreats for those who love old books.

Not since the catalogue of *Three Centuries of American History, 1493–1793*, an exhibition held in the Free Library of Philadelphia in 1944, has such a showing of great American historical rarities been seen and catalogued, and that larger exhibit was the joint effort of half a dozen collections rather than one. Though it contained many standard rarities there were fewer unique and virtually unknown titles than in the Streeter exhibit, and the catalogue of the Philadelphia show, though carefully prepared by the late Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach and his assistant, Mr. Percy Lawler, cannot compare with the present catalogue in the scholarship

and charm of its entries which not only tell so much about the book themselves but also give the reader many delightful glimpses of th personality of the compiler, America's leading private collector Americana.

This catalogue of 79 titles on 97 handsome pages, with a good intro duction and index, is appropriately entitled *Americana–Beginnings*, f it includes a surprising number of books which were firsts–either th first book on a subject or the first printed in a given locality. Mr. Streeter books have a way of being historically significant and not just rar though most of them are that too.

Of the 78 printed items in the catalogue (one is a manuscript), five a unique, ten are known in only two copies of each, of six but three copi are recorded, and of less than a third of them are there as many as a doze copies known. In view of the fact that the catalogue is made up of gre rarities, it is pleasant to know that our library here at the Historic Society contains nineteen of the titles.

This exhibit is, of course, only a tiny part of Mr. Streeter's gre American history library but it certainly does contain some of his mo exciting books. There are three parts to the catalogue: books of di covery, books dealing with the territory east of the Mississippi, and book relating to the territory west of the great river.

The first group contains only ten titles, published between 1493 an 1616, and all of great historical importance though only two are of ur usual rarity. They appropriately begin with the letter in which Columbu announced the discovery of the New World and include such rarities Pigafetta's narrative of Magellan's circumnavigation of the glob [1525?], and Tatton's map of the region from Florida to Lower Cal fornia, 1616.

The second part of the catalogue groups the next forty Eastern book under six headings: Eastern colonies, New France, Indian captivities, th Revolution, the Old Southwest, including Louisiana and Kentucky, an the Old Northwest, including Ohio and Illinois and covering the perio from 1616 to 1821. Here the great rarities include such titles as Captai John Smith's map of New England [1616]; the first issue of the Cam bridge Platform, 1649, of which only one other copy is recorded; th first book printed in New Hampshire, [1756], of which one other cop is known in the first issue; the first book printed in Connecticut, 171 the first New York book to appear with a Zenger imprint, 1725; wha may be the first New Jersey imprint, 1723; the first Georgia promotio tract, [1732], one of two known copies; the two earliest pieces of Florid printing, both 1784, each known in but a single other copy and tw equally rare Florida official publications of 1817 and 1821; a uniqu broadside of the Virginia law erecting the District of Kentucky, [1786] the earliest known book printed in Kentuckey, 1791, one of three copie and the only recorded copy of the first Illinois imprint, [1814].

Of the 27 titles relating to the territory west of the Mississippi, there re many of great interest and rarity, including the only perfect copy of oster's *Gold Placers of California,* 1849; the unique broadside of Stephen . Austin's address to his Texas settlers, 1823; Tierney's pamphlet anouncing the discovery of Colorado gold, 1859, of which there is but ne other and that a variant; the equally rare broadside of Colorado ining laws, [1859]; the unique copy of the similar laws of Montana of 1864]; and such Mormon rarities as the first and second General pistles of [1848] and 1849, the latter, of which but one other perfect opy is known, being the first piece of Utah printing; and the important *onstitution of the State of Deseret,* 1849, of which only half a dozen opies are on record. There are many other books of great importance ut generally of less rarity.

We can forgive Mr. Streeter for slipping one manuscript into his vonderful exhibit, for it is the next to last letter of William B. Travis, ommander of the Alamo, written February 23, 1836, calling for reinorcements but stating their determination to defend the Alamo to the ast, which they did, for the reinforcements came too late.

Mr. Streeter's catalogue is a model of accurate and detailed scholarship ind of the joy of collecting and owning so many of the great books of ur history. He has used every available reference work and has consulted librarians and collectors all over the country with the result that e has located a surprising number of other copies of some of his nuggets n 73 public and six private collections and has been at great pains to lescribe accurately, often for the first time, the present condition of the opies located, thus bringing to light new states and issues as well as he defects sure to be present in many books of such great rarity.

The success of this brief but important catalogue makes the student wish for the early publication of Mr. Streeter's Texas bibliography which will not only describe his greatest of all collections of Texas printed material through the period of the Texas Republic but also the similar materials in the other leading libraries. It is indeed an understatement to say that it is unusual for a collector to have the scholarship and ability to study and publish his bibliographical findings as well as the taste, the funds, and the enthusiasm to assemble the rare and important source materials for such studies. May Mr. Streeter have many more years of enthusiastic collecting and of sharing his accumulated knowledge with the scholarly world.

It is most fitting that this splendid bibliographical catalogue with its eight handsome facsimiles should have been simply but tastefully printed by our greatest scholarly printer of beautiful books—the Anthoensen Press.

*The New-York Historical Society* R. W. G. Vail

*The Diary of George Templeton Strong.* Edited by Allan Nevins and Milton Halsey Thomas. Vol. I: "Young Man in New York 1835–1849"; Vol. II: "The Turbulent Fifties 1850–1859"; Vol. III: "The Civil War 1860–1865"; Vol. IV: "Post-War Years 1865–1875." (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1952. liv+391, xiv+517, xv+642, and xii+603 pages, each volume separately indexed and illus., with a total of 86 plates plus end papers. 4 vols., $35.00.)

*This is the city and I am one of the citizens,*
*Whatever interests the rest interests me. . . .*
Whitman, "Song of Myself"

As Walt Whitman sounded his credo over the rooftops of Brooklyn, across the East River in Manhattan two diarists were sitting down night after night to put it into practice, recording minutely in prose what Whitman was sketching in impressionistic verse—life in New York City and America in the middle years of the 19th century.

The elder of these men and the more prominent was ex-Mayor Philip Hone, retired auctioneer, politician and intimate of politicians, patron of the arts and Pickwickian clubman. His newsy diary, covering the years from 1828 to 1851, has long been recognized as probably the most valuable and delightful of American diaries. Now, however, Hone's place as chief diarist to the American people is challanged by the appearance of *The Diary of George Templeton Strong*, which at least equals Hone's in historical value and surpasses it both as literature and as self-portraiture.

George Templeton Strong was born in 1820, began his diary as a sophomore at Columbia College, and carried it on until a month before his death in 1875. During forty of his fifty-five years Strong put into this journal the best part of his talents and of his personality, carrying on an uninterrupted conversation with himself which served the dual purpose of amusing and instructing posterity and of expressing his own otherwise inexpressible soul. That he achieved the latter without sacrificing the former is a fine tribute to Strong's artistry and good sense, and in large measure the secret of the diary's charm.

The value of Strong's diary for historians lies not so much in the record of what he himself did, which will be of interest mainly to students of music in New York, of Columbia University, the New York Bar, the Episcopalian Church, and the United States Sanitary Commission during the Civil War, but in his pungent commentary on what others were doing in the city and nation during a period of rapid growth, conflict, and social change. Hone gives perhaps more intimate touches concerning prominent men of his day, but Strong had the incomparable advantage of living through the Civil War and Reconstruction years, while Hone died in 1852.

Strong's personality will arouse a variety of responses from his readers. Unlike the gregarious and affable Hone, Strong was a high-strung, rather shy man who had few intimate friends outside his family and found only in the diary the freedom of expression his training and tradition denied him in the active world. "Watched and cared for and kept at home" until his marriage at 28, Strong never really left home in spirit. A feeling of insufficiency hampered his enjoyment of his work and the social position he enjoyed as a prominent lawyer, resulting in periods of acute depression and a chronic reluctance to accept positions of responsibility which only a strong sense of duty and a saving sense of humor enabled him to surmount.

A life so limited in scope and a character so lacking in vitality would not ordinarily be of much interest to the general reader, but Strong's fluent style and that sense of humor which led him to balance self-pity with the wry bravado of the mock heroic endow this diary with a charm and vivacity which transcend the limitations of the man. Hone's diary reads like a syndicated column in which only the public man appears, but Strong shows in his diary a side of his nature of which very few of his contemporaries must have been aware.

Strong's readability, however, rests not only upon stylistic brilliance and wit. He was a man of strong loyalties and prejudices on many subjects—music, morals, education, politics, democracy, and above all the Civil War—and his feelings were expressed with a stimulating frankness. Often enthusiastic in his praises, often fanatic in denunciation, Strong is seldom passive in his outlook. The very warmth of his sympathies and antipathies adds vividness to the diary and to the picture it gives of Strong and his times.

High praise is due to the editors of these volumes, Allan Nevins and Milton Halsey Thomas, for carrying out a delicate editorial task with discrimination and understanding. In selecting for publication approximately one quarter of the original manuscript they have achieved a satisfying balance between the personal and the general, the local and the national. Continuity is maintained by an excellent introduction and bridging summaries, the obscure clarified by concise identifying footnotes, and maximum utility assured by full indexes to each volume. The volumes are well produced and illustrated, though the absence of a map of New York may be felt by non-New Yorkers.

The editors and the publisher have performed a valuable service in bringing before the public such an excellent sampling from a work whose usefulness and charm will assure it a commanding place in the Pantheon of American diaries.

*The New-York Historical Society* DAVID H. WALLACE

*Henry Deringer's Pocket Pistol.* By John E. Parsons. (New York: William Morrow and Company, 1952. 255 pages, biblio., index, 88 illus., including end papers. $5.00).

A book about a man and his pistol, fluently written and eminently entertaining; so entertaining in fact that the present writer found it quite difficult to assume a critical attitude at the first reading.

The framework of the book is the court record of a lawsuit for the misuse of a trade name brought by Henry Deringer against Adolphus J. Plate, a California dealer. The complete transcript of the action is contained in Appendix A. Notwithstanding the legal nature of this report, the contents make very lively reading, being abundantly supplied with the most detailed information on names, dates, specifications and diverting pistol lore. How Mr. Parsons struck this mine of information is truly an amazing story of a fine piece of deductive reasoning.

Henry Deringer seems to have been an easy-going, contented Philadelphian. He made a comfortable fortune between the War of 1812 and the Mexican conflict manufacturing flintlock muskets and pistols for the Army and rifles for the Western Indians under the treaty of 1830. Well off, well known, and well respected, he made his famous little pocket pistol only on order and as a matter of personal pleasure. The Deringer, an ideal civilian arm, became enormously popular, particularly in the river trade and in the California gold rush. It was inevitable that imitators flourished, among them a former employee Charles Schlotterbeck (Slotter).

Mr. Parsons assumed that Deringer chafed under these infringements and postulated that he must have made some effort to protect himself. Curiosity led him to his grandfather's legal encyclopedia reposing in the attic and sure enough there it was in a footnote, *Deringer* v. *Plate.* As luck would have it, a complete record of the suit was recovered from the California State Archives at Sacramento and the Deringer story unfolded itself.

The chapter, Assayed in Homicide, has all the ingredients of a Western thriller. A motley assortment of characters play against a back-drop of the Eldorado of the West: lawyers, editors, businessmen, criminals and adventurers, violent, rapacious and trigger-happy, armed with concealed Deringers ready to blast away at the drop of the hat. Unforgettable was A. J. Taylor, a Mississippian, called Dr. Natchez, " a short thick set 'son of thunder' who is an excellent shot—enjoys the reputation of preparing the best remedies for wounded honor." Taylor was the first dealer in Deringers on the Pacific Coast. As much of his business was loading pistols, his shooting gallery and gunshop at 209 Clay Street was quite a rendezvous for gun-toters. From his miscellaneous contacts Natchez acquired an unusual competence in prognosticating a duel, an assassination, or a murder. In September 1858 he was shot point blank in the face by a careless customer who did not know a Colt was loaded.

Other chapters are under such apt headings as Western and Southern Markets, Literature and Advertising, Characteristics and Making, California Dealers, Infringements by Slotter and Plate, Copies and Improvements, The Moore, National and Colt, Other Cartridge Types, The Day of the Deringer. There are two appendices, A: Deringer v Plate, B: Cartridge Deringers. The Notes give ample assurance of scholarship. There follows a Bibliography and Index. The book is bound in green buckram. Ninety-three percussion and thirty-six cartridge Deringers are illustrated. Well over fifty old advertisements, trade cards and patent drawings are reproduced. Three pictorial lithographs and some original correspondence are shown. On the green jacket can be seen an elegant picture of a pocket pistol marked *Deringer Philadela.*

*Rochester Museum of Arts and Sciences* DR. J. R. MAYER

*Bits and Pieces of American History as Told by a Collection of American Naval and Other Historical Prints and Paintings, Including Portraits of American Naval Commanders and Some Early Views of New York.* By IRVING S. OLDS. (New York: Privately Printed, 1951. xxv+ 463 pages, 129 plates, indexed.)

In this handsomely produced volume, published in a limited edition of five-hundred copies, Irving S. Olds makes a great contribution to American iconography. His outstanding collection of American historical prints, superbly catalogued herein, was gathered by him from printshops in the United States, London, and Paris. Of the five-hundred prints listed, including a few maps and paintings, sixty-one are of New York City—the remainder relating to the early years of the United States Navy prior to the adoption of steam naval craft.

The New York views in Mr. Olds' collection include many beautiful prints already well known through previous documentation and delineation in such works as I. N. P. Stokes' *Iconography of Manhattan Island.* Among those listed are Peter Schenk's view of New York, *c.* 1673; the beautiful Carwitham view of Fort George and the city from the southwest, of the period 1731–36; the Howdell-Canot views issued in 1768; St. Mémin's view of the city from Mount Pitt, 1796; the exquisite aquatint of New York from Hobuck Ferry House in 1796, which was engraved by Francis Jukes after the drawing by Alexander Robertson; the well-known early-19th-century views of New York from Weehawken and Brooklyn Heights, engraved by John Hill after the drawings by William G. Wall; J. Milbert's lithographs of the Harlem River and northern Manhattan Island, from *Picturesque Views in North America,* published in Paris in 1825; some of the Bourne views of New York, 1831, engraved from drawings by Charles Burton; and the view of New York from the northwest angle of Fort Columbus on Governors Island, drawn by F. Catherwood and engraved by Henry Papprill, 1846.

The New York prints, however, are incidental to the major theme of the volume which deals with naval subjects. Though research on American naval history has been extensive, the publication of the iconographic side has been largely overlooked and this is one of the first attempts to deal at length with this neglected phase. The story of the early years of the United States Navy has been depicted in many fine prints, mostly contemporaneous, which illustrate the victories and defeats and the marine activities of the period which culminated with the close of the War of 1812. Born in the uncertain years of the American Revolution, the growing strength of the Navy in the development of the nation manifested itself during the emergencies brought about by the interference of France and the Barbary corsairs with American commerce at the turn of the 18th century, and through the brilliant record achieved by American ships during the War of 1812 when Great Britain was primarily engaged in her titanic struggle with Napoleon.

Mr. Olds' interest in the Navy and his zeal for discriminating collecting go back for more than a quarter of a century. The arrangement of the naval illustrations closely parallels the listing in the catalogue issued by the Grolier Club during its print exhibition in 1942–43 on *The United States Navy, 1776 to 1815*, with which Mr. Olds was closely associated, both as a lender of materials for display and as Chairman of the exhibition committee. The number of prints listed in the Olds' catalogue is a substantial increase over the 295 prints displayed and recorded by the Grolier Club, and the author expresses a hope that his book will prove an aid to collectors of naval prints and also foster an interest in the early days of the Navy. Mr. Olds modestly disclaims that his collection is as complete as it should be, and readily admits that some prints have eluded him or are not represented because of price.

Many well-known painters, engravers, and later lithographers, both in the United States and in Europe—such as Dominique Serres, Richard Paton, Robert Dodd, Edward Savage, Thomas Birch, Cornelius Tiebout, William Strickland, Samuel Seymour, Benjamin Tanner, and Peter and Samuel Maverick—to mention a few—turned their abilities to the production and publication of pictures and prints of memorable single-ship and fleet engagements. The stunning illustrations which came from the hands of these fine artists and engravers are a fitting tribute to the stately frigates of the young republic which, with beauty of proportion and grace of line, sailed the sea lanes to make their impress on marine history. The arrangement of naval prints is classified in the following order: French and Indian War, 2 prints; Revolutionary War, 30 prints; Quasi-War with France, 5 prints; War with Tripoli, 14 prints; Little-Belt Incident (1811), 3 prints; War of 1812, 233 prints; War with Algiers (1815), 4 prints; Privateer Actions, 13 prints; Miscellaneous Naval Prints, 62 prints; Caricatures of War of 1812, 7 prints; and portraits of naval commanders, 66 prints.

The naval prints of the French and Indian War depict the destruction nd capture of the French vessels *Prudent* and *Bienfaisant* in Louisbourg arbor in 1758, and the ensuing prints of the Revolutionary War period ecord events such as the burning of the *Gaspé* in 1772, the attempted estruction of the *Phoenix* and *Rose* by American fireships in the Hudson n 1776, the naval battle on Lake Champlain when Arnold blocked the ritish invasion from Canada, the arrival of the French fleet under the Comte d'Estaing at the mouth of the Delaware in 1778, Sir George Collier's victory on Penobscot Bay in 1779, and the memorable fight between the *Serapis* and the *Bon Homme Richard* off Scarborough Head in he same year. The period of the Quasi-War with France is illustrated y prints depicting the capture of *L'Insurgent* by the United States rigate *Constellation* in the West Indies in 1799; and the War with Tripoli y prints featuring such notable events as the loss of the *Philidelphia* in 801 and her destruction in Tripoli harbor in 1804 by Lieutenant Stephen Decatur.

By far the greater number of prints are the magnificent illustrations, ome published in series, of the combats of the War of 1812. At this time here were produced many pictorial representations—oftentimes drawn rom sketches furnished by participants in the battles—of well-known ngagements such as those between the *Constitution* and *Guerriere*, the *Constitution* and *Java*, the *Wasp* and *Frolic*, the *Macedonian* and the *United States*, the *Hornet* and *Peacock*, the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*, the *Pelican* and *Argus*, the *Hornet and Penguin*, and prints depicting the apture of the United States frigate *President*, Perry's victory on Lake Erie and Macdonough's triumph on Lake Champlain, the bombardment f Fort McHenry, and the Battle of New Orleans.

The portraits of the galaxy of American commanders include studies f eminent officers such as Esek Hopkins, John Barry, Nicholas Biddle, ohn Paul Jones, Thomas Truxton, Edward Preble, William Bainbridge, Stephen Decatur, James Barron, James Lawrence, Isaac Chauncey, Oliver H. Perry, David Porter, Isaac Hull, Joshua Barney Thomas Macdonough ames Biddle and Jesse E. Elliott.

This volume should prove an indispensable reference work for naval istorians, museums, librarians, and print collectors, and we feel privieged that the author, a trustee of this Society, has taken time from his nyriad activities to compile this worthwhile book as a labor of love. The lata which accompany the listing of each print record all the pertinent nformation necessary for identification: inscription, names of artist and ngraver (if given), medium, dimensions, state of the print, and usually a rief explanatory remark to describe the event depicted. An excellent ndex facilitates quick identification by subject matter, artist, or engraver. n addition, the value and beauty of the book is considerably enhanced by profuse number of admirable illustrations.

*The New-York Historical Society* RICHARD J. KOKE

*Portraits and Miniatures by Charles Willson Peale.* By Charles Coleman Sellers. (Philadelphia: American Philosophical Society, 1952 [Volume 42, Part I of the Society's *Transactions*]. 369 pages including 452 plates, 4 in color, biblio. $5.00.)

Although born more than a century and a half later, the author of this book has consorted all his life with the subject. Charles Coleman Sellers is a descendant of Charles Willson Peale; his father, Horace Wells Sellers, started an account of the painter which he handed on to the son; Charles Sellers published an excellent two-volume biography of Peale before he began this fascinating checklist of the artist's work as a portrait painter.

When I first met Mr. Sellers fifteen years ago, he was living in a Connecticut farmhouse surrounded with the tangible remains of Charles Willson Peale. An invaluable collection of papers (now the property of the American Philosophical Society), which he had inherited, presented in that inflammable structure as much a problem to the responsible historian as would a baby; he hesitated to go out with his whole family unless he secured a manuscript sitter. From the walls smiled down innumerable Peales, and *Rachel Weeping*, that somewhat gruesome picture of the artist's wife mourning over a dead baby, hung behind such a curtain as had obscured it in Peale's own long-vanished house. Unless I misremember, Sellers commemorated the anniversary of the baby's passing by pulling back the curtain, as, in the 18th century, his progenitor had done.

An able man with many interests (he has published biographies of Benedict Arnold and Lorenzo Dow), Mr. Sellers has never been under the shadow of his famous ancestor, yet there has grown up between the living chronicler and the long-dead painter an intimacy unique, as far as I know, in American art history. Since Sellers never descended to the adulatory half-truths of so-called "family biographies," his greater insight was tremendously valuable when he wrote Peale's life. And it gives the volume under review a flavor all of its own.

The required ingredients of a scientific checklist are here in abundance. Sellers has made an exhaustive study of Peale's style that has enabled him to attribute pictures accurately and to discard misattributions. For years, he travelled the country in search of canvases. Exhaustively familiar with Peale's writings, he cites letters and diary references referring to specific pictures. He has determined dates with a suitable mingling of erudition and caution, has given dimensions, color descriptions, and the names of present owners. That he has not published the ownership histories of all the pictures is a small omission in such a wealth of data.

The possessor of wide historical knowledge and a sensitive literary style, Sellers gives us thumbnail sketches of Peale's sitters which make the book an informative biographical dictionary of Revolutionary, Federal, and Jeffersonian America. Four hundred and fifty-two portraits have been reproduced in halftones which, although uneven in size and

quality, serve their purpose of record. Librarians and scholars should keep in mind that this is a reference book useful for every kind of historical study. Many a face that can be examined in no other source is here revealed, accompanied with pertinent comment.

The illustrations, which are arranged in chronological order, reveal Peale's style and its development. Towards our analyses, Sellers gives us much assistance, not only in discussions of individual pictures, but in eloquent "Introductory Notes" that clarify the matter under such headings as: "The Fashionable Pose," "Technical Procedure," "Background and Accessories," "Academic Influences," "Drapery," "Signature," "Sizes and Prices," "Frames."

Sellers' unique rapport with his subject adds an additional dimension almost unknown in checklists; he is concerned with that vital problem in portraiture, the psychological relationship between the artist and his sitter. He begins his "Introductory Notes" with a character-study of the artist, and in discussing individual pictures he uses Peale's writings to clarify the harmony or lack of it that reigned when the portrait was making, and helped determine the result. How such considerations can enter into the seemingly unrelated question of attribution is revealed in an admirably judicious statement concerning a likeness of Daniel Morgan: "The portrait, too, reveals no understanding of its subject. The face is a little more suggestive of the work of James than of C. W. Peale, but the suggestion is inconclusive. Its expression makes one wonder whether some opinions on the violently controversial political scene had not been passed, a topic on which the Peales would have found the general in sharp disagreement with them. The canvas seems to have been hurriedly painted."

Rarely has a scholar brought such broad sympathy and knowledge to the preparation of a checklist. The result is both a delightful and important contribution to the literature on early American painting.

*New York City* JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER

*Thomas Mifflin and the Politics of the American Revolution.* By KENNETH R. ROSSMAN. (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1952. xiv + 344 pages, 8 plates. $5.00.)

This is the first full biography of Thomas Mifflin (1744–1800), Revolutionary quartermaster-general and first Governor of Pennsylvania. The author is Professor and Chairman of the Department of History at Doane College, in Crete, Nebraska. The work here presented is a revision of his doctoral dissertation.

A spirit of unpretentious but workmanlike seriousness animates the volume. While the style is deliberately homespun (as, for instance, in noting that one of Governor Mifflin's measures did not "set well" with his western constituents), the exploitation of the limited documentary

resources has been skillfully carried out. In the absence of any substantial amount of personal and family letters, diaries, etc., Professor Rossman has been forced to view Mifflin through the eyes of his partisan contemporaries and through official and business correspondence. Although the subject matter has been accordingly limited chiefly to public events, so cleverly has Professor Rossman maintained the ambiguities and contradictions of Mifflin's own statements and those of his friends and enemies, that while the reader does not obtain a very clear understanding of the man's motives, he does become aware of the conflicting emotions he aroused in others.

Perhaps more interesting than the rather thin life-history is the sketch which Professor Rossman draws of "the politics of the American Revolution." There is fascinating material here for a larger study of the sociology of revolution: of what happens when a group of men combine to accomplish a grand aim without a firm social structure to define their mutual relationships. The story of the Revolution's factions, the real and fancied cabals, the duelling mania, the sometimes almost paranoid suspicions, the anxiety to establish strong personal ties in the absence of traditional conventions supporting individual decision, would be worthy of more extended treatment.

Employing to maximum effect the manuscript and printed sources available (including the Gates, Duer, and Reed Papers of the New York Historical Society), Professor Rossman has made a remarkably incisive study of a remarkably elusive subject.

*University of Pennsylvania* ANTHONY F. C. WALLACE

*The Colonial Craftsmen*, By CARL BRIDENBAUGH. (New York: New York University Press, 1950. xii + 214 pages including index, plus 17 plates. $4.25.)

*Myths and Realities: Societies of the Colonial South*. By CARL BRIDENBAUGH. (Baton Rouge, La.: Louisiana State University Press, 1952. x + 208 pages, including biblio. note. $3.25.)

An adding machine may not be an inspiring object, but its mechanism plays a respectable part in modern civilization, as many of us have learned by vainly battling to disprove the totals of our bank statements. Yet there are, we may as well confess, sights more fascinating than the digestion of dollars and cents by the biggest adding machine invented. So it is with history. There are books which may be described as no more than a tabulation, chronological or topical, of certain pertinent facts, and these tomes have their use. But there are other books, in which what once happened is re-examined in the light of the imagination, with the result that new answers are given to the oldest questions.

Readers of the *Quarterly* don't need to be told into which category fall the writings of Carl Bridenbaugh. Nor will they be surprised to learn

hat his two most recent books, the transcripts of lectures delivered at New York University and Louisiana State, are as stimulating as anything n print on our colonial history.

Dr. Bridenbaugh might have approached the colonial craftsmen by giving us one more dutiful account of the artistic achievements of our silversmiths and cabinetmakers, but he happily had a broader assessment n mind, and his conclusions may interest many a reader who couldn't ell a Myer Myers candlestick from a John Coney caudle cup.

Summing up the accomplishments of the North and South, Dr. Bridenbaugh reminds us that the South, for all its eminence in the art of architecture, wasn't the sort of place in which mechanics and artisans were widely appreciated. He notes that Charleston, though a city of twelve thousand people, "did not nourish an outstanding craft or produce a single eminent workman before the Revolution." He adds that "when the fight for freedom came, and the South was completely cut off from trade with England, every colony found itself poorly equipped to meet the emergency, and in the long run suffered acutely from its inability to nourish a middle-class group of artisans, whose skills and solid worth as citizens would have contributed greatly to the common weal."

Almost any artisan or mechanic would be better off in a Northern village than in a Southern community in which the best that England had to offer might be easily imported. "Where a village society could emerge," Dr. Bridenbaugh decides, "there the crafts could take hold and grow; there artisans might dwell together and specialize, each in his trade, certain of a demand for his wares."

As you may have guessed by now, Dr. Bridenbaugh is the sort of historian who masters a thousand details and unearths as many new sources, not for the sake of adding to our store of knowledge, but in hopes of discovering meaning in what once was meaningless. This may be one reason why his *Myths and Realities* bears next to no relation to a conventional study of the Colonial South.

Dr. Bridenbaugh's opening essay on the social customs in and about Chesapeake Bay may seem at first glance to be more saucy than accurate, but he is after all talking the language of common sense when he argues that "the renowned open hospitality practiced by the gentry sprang initially from the social needs of their isolated existence and only secondarily from the conscious imitation of customs and courtesy of the gentlefolk of all ages and countries." And he is only being fair when he denies that the tobacco aristocrats "were possessed of either a wide or a profound literary culture." Giving William Byrd and Dr. Alexander Hamilton their due, he explains that "literary achievement is not to be expected from an aristocracy whose members are concerned with politics and the extroverted life of a rural people. Such writers as it produces will be dilettantes who take up their pens for the amusement or instruction of a small coterie at most." All of which leads Dr. Bridenbaugh to point out

that the great and noble men of this part of the world were "men of intellect, not intellectuals." As he sees it, Jefferson and Madison were accepted, yet never wholly trusted by their fellow citizens; "George Washington and Lighthorse Harry Lee, men of action . . . these are the men typical of the Chesapeake Society at its best."

Slipping down to Charleston in the second essay of *Myths and Realities*, Dr. Bridenbaugh can't help regretting that "its native sons knew little Latin, less Greek, and seldom read books," and he makes much of the fact the it "produced no native scientist, painter, musican, or scholar."

Dr. Bridenbaugh is obviously happier in the Back Parts, to which he devotes the last of these essays. Here is an account of the great wagon road winding down from Philadelphia through the Shenandoah Valley; this was the route followed by the Scots, the Welsh, the Germans, and the others who poured down from the North in the eighteenth century. We hear of one of the triumphs of these settlers—the town plan of Salem, North Carolina, and we listen to their grudges, the very grudges which ended in the mob violence known as "the Regulation."

We should add that our guide through the Back Parts—or at least the authority most often quoted by Dr. Bridenbaugh—is a certain Charles Woodmason, an irrepressible Episcopal clergyman of whom you'll be sure to hear again. His reports to the Bishop of London have been cited before this by many an industrious historian, but this is, so far as we know, the first time that he has been really unleashed. It won't be the last, for his travel diary is a wonderfully erratic thing. Incidentally, the diary, which runs to sixty-four pages in manuscript, was presented to our Society in 1894 by the late Daniel Parish, Jr.

*The New-York Historical Society* WAYNE ANDREWS

*One Hundred Years of Hartford's Courant From Colonial Times through the Civil War.* By J. EUGENE SMITH. (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1949. 342 pages, notes, biblio., index. $5.00.)

Since 1764, the *Courant* has exerted a profound influence upon its readers. It is one of the oldest papers in the country, and at one time is claimed to have had the largest circulation of any paper published in America. As a result, files of this paper are often referred to and Dr. Smith has performed a service in analyzing its contributions, views, and place as a business enterprise.

*One Hundred Years of Hartford's Courant* was written as a doctoral dissertation at Harvard, and it is the intent of the author to bring the study down to modern times. As President of Willimantic State Teachers' College, little time from his administrative duties is available, so we must wait some years for its appearance.

The vast problem of reading through a hundred years of the paper, weekly, daily and supplements, to produce 268 pages of text, required

gid adherence to plan. This may be roughly outlined as: what the ıper reflected and what it advocated respecting the development of the cial, economic, and cultural life and interests of the community served; here the paper stood on issues of local and national import; and the cord of its editors, advertising, circulation, and finances.

The *Courant* sought to give information and keep up the morale of its aders by making Revolutionary defeats seem partial victories and by nding something good in every situation. In the "Land of Steady labits" this paper was a potent force.

For fifty-eight years (1778–1836), the *Courant* reflected the views of eorge Goodwin. The paper clung to the Federalist Party until 1818 hen that party failed to nominate a slate and made no campaign. It then ıpported the Whigs until the death of editor John L. Boswell in 1854. homas M. Day, who succeeded Boswell, was first a "Know-Nothing" dherent. In 1860 the *Courant* was for Lincoln, and since has been prıarily Republican.

Yale University Press did a good job in presenting this mass of inforıation in type. The voluminous notes occupy 158 pages which are not ıdexed. A simple running head, repeating chapter headings, would have ıade these notes much more usable. Careful reference to them pinpoints a remendous amount of valuable material, much of which is included on a ıicrofilm file of the *Courant*, 1764-1820, available throughout the ountry. For example, references to intinerant artists, traveling exhiitions, musical and theatrical events and the like, are cited in these notes. Iudson and Goodwin, proprietors from 1779–1815, were also publishers f note. Bibliographers can trace editions of Webster's *American Spelling ook* and Trumbull's *M'Fingal*, pirating of which brought forth the assage of "An Act for the encouragement of Literature and Genius" hich secured to authors the sole right of publication of their works for 4 years. Also published by Hudson and Goodwin was *The Children's lagazine*, the first attempt in America at a periodical designed for young eople. Those interested in information on these and kindred subjects ıay find specific references in the notes, but not through the use of the eneral index which only occupies pages 331–342.

The volume is obviously the result of careful planning and long study. t is a valuable reference tool, and its shortcomings can be traced to the ecessity of keeping production costs reasonable.

*Connecticut Historical Society* THOMPSON R. HARLOW

*he Browns of Providence Plantations: Colonial Years.* By JAMES B. HEDGES. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1952). xviii+ 379 pages, indexed, illus. $6.00.)

Since 1723 members of the Brown family of Providence, one of the ast well-known though certainly the oldest of our great business

families, have been preserving business records which are now deposited for the most part at Brown University and the Rhode Island Historical Society. Mr. Hedges, in this first volume of a planned three-volume study based on this mass of material, has not focused his attention on individuals, but on the widely diversified and continually shifting enterprises by which a remarkable succession of cautious business managers kept the Browns always represented among America's more successful men of business.

The low productivity of their Rhode Island hinterland drove the Browns on an unending search for the proper products with which to ply the world market. Home-grown tobacco, food products, and horses, although not available in quantities sufficient to sustain the volume of Caribbean trade the Browns desired, nevertheless could be exchanged for molasses, which, when transformed into rum, launched the Browns in the familiar triangular trade. Without wholly abandoning this highly competitive and risky business, the Browns in 1753 became candle manufacturers as well, employing as their raw material the "spermaceti" found in the cranial cavities of sperm whales. Possession of this popular manufactured item opened many profitable markets, but, careful research having revealed another opportunity, the Browns further diversified in 1765 by establishing an iron works. Meanwhile they had become large importers of British dry goods and during the Seven Years War had engaged in privateering and illegal but lucrative trade with the enemy.

In the era of the Revolution the business pattern so carefully developed began to alter. American independence virtually eliminated the Caribbean trade which had flourished under the protection of British laws and treaties while the spermaceti candle's popularity faded badly in the post-war period. The wartime importation of French instead of British dry goods was highly profitable, but excessive optimism led the Browns at the return of peace into over-importation of the preferred British products; not only did the trade collapse, but it was many years before the debts incurred could be repaid. Privateering and security speculation afforded rewarding but only transitory investment opportunities. Of the pre-Revolutionary enterprises only the iron works, a bonanza in the war years, survived into the new century, and it was sold in 1806. Mr. Hedges assures us, however, that despite this melancholy picture of declining businesses, the Browns continued to flourish in the young Republic on the strength of new investments. For their history we must await his second volume.

There are several noteworthy weaknesses in Mr. Hedges' book. It needs a map of the West Indies and a glossary (or footnote explanations) of its many archaic terms. Personality and chronology have both suffered under the topical emphasis in the book's organization and clarity of focus is occasionally lacking. The author has been frank in presenting the less savory aspects of the Browns' business dealings—smuggling, slaving,

monopolistic scheming, war profiteering and trade with the enemy—but he seems inclined to make too much of virtues which he found. One can admire the talents of these early Browns; one need not like them. Then, too, upon the Browns' experience Mr. Hedges has built a thesis of Colonial economic interdependence which undoubtedly has some validity in spite of the traditional emphasis on each Colony's close economic ties with England; but one suspects Rhode Island was more a special case than Mr. Hedges has conceded. Despite its shortcomings, however, the book remains an extremely valuable contribution to the somewhat spotty literature of our Colonial economic history.

*New York City* PHILIP L. WHITE

*John Colter: His Years in the Rockies.* By BURTON HARRIS. (New York and London: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1952. xiv + 180 pages, four maps, biblio., index. $3.50.)

John Colter is an unfamiliar name, even to those interested in American history; although his geographical discoveries are probably better known than any other 19th-century individual's. According to the record, John Colter was the first white man ever to visit the great Yellowstone Park, one of the most widely known scenic wonders of the world. This alone entitles him to historic recognition; and there is much more to justify the present book about him.

Burton Harris has gathered together the scattered facts, and documented the basis of traditions, regarding this important pioneer of our Northwest. Unfortunately he seems to have left no journal, for it appears he could not write more than his own signature. Born in Virginia about 1770, he died in Missouri in 1813—leaving an estate of $442.23½, before his debts were paid. He was one of the first civilians to enlist in the Lewis & Clark Expedition, with which he crossed to the Pacific and returned to the upper Missouri, serving three years, mostly as a hunter. He left the expedition on October 5, 1806, on their return journey down the Missouri; and with two others went up the Yellowstone River to trap for beavers. In 1807, on foot and alone, he traversed a vast region of the Northwest which no white man had ever trod—among these places the present Yellowstone Park, "Colters Hell," Stinking River, etc. The stories he brought back established him as quite an unreliable yarn-spinner among his contemporaries; and his personal feats of daring established him as a legend, which still persists.

Mr. Harris has made a painstaking study and comparison of all available records, checked against geographical facts regarding the country through which Colter made his epical journeys. The result is another important, as well as interesting, contribution to the basic story of our national heritage.

*New York City* HAROLD MCCRACKEN

*The Pennocks of Primitive Hall, Written for the Chester County Historical Society, West Chester, Pennsylvania.* By George Valentine Massey II. ([West Chester?], 1951. viii + 139 pages, illus., group port. facsims. $10.00.)

Ever since St. Paul admonished Titus to avoid "genealogies" as being "unprofitable and vain," there has existed a school of thought which condemns the study of this subject, contending it is but the handmaiden of ostentation. On the other hand, there have been those who argue that if the pursuit of genealogical studies can so decline, that of history can sink to an equally deplorable depth and that both studies have their uses and abuses. In *The Pennocks of Primitive Hall*, Mr. Massey demonstrates the utility of a genealogical study mainly through his selection and presentation of various categories of material which serve to supplement and enrich a variety of allied subjects.

Thus, the history of the first three generations of this colonial Quaker family is presented mainly as a series of biographical sketches which provide rich and varied glimpses into the local history of southeastern Pennsylvania as well as of the neighboring county of New Castle, Delaware, and so inevitably holds fruitful rewards both for the biographer and the historian interested in the local history of this region. The sociologist, too, will find some grist for his mill in this relatively stationary branch of the family, who made extensive contributions to those crafts which laid the foundation for the later industrial development and prosperity of Pennsylvania.

It was Joseph Pennock (1677–1771), son of Christopher, the immigrant, who in 1738 built the family home "Primitive Hall," at present located between Chatham and Coatesville in West Marlborough Township, Chester County, Pa. Now being restored by Mr. Stewart Hudson, a descendant, this massive house, with its thick brick walls and wood work supplied from the forests of its builder's five-thousand-acre tract, cannot help but prove a delight to architectural historians and all admirers of quaint Colonial homes.

Mr. Massey's study not only supplements the allied subjects noted, but, unless this reviewer is greatly mistaken, that of literature as well, for the family letters quoted, meagre and sparse though they be, provide the substance from which literature is created. They require only a fertile and experienced imagination to provide a series of haunting short stories if not an historical novel. Beginning with the poignant story of Christopher Pennock, one of the first Irish Quakers to come to Penn's "Holy Experiment" in the American wilderness, whom death claimed while he was preparing to be reunited with his beloved wife, Mary Collett, from whom he was long separated because of injuries received at the hands of his wealthy "in-laws," an historical novel integrating the fates of the first three generations of this colonial Pennsylvania family with the religious, social, economic and cultural development of that colony might con-

ceivably be undertaken along the lines of Mary Ellen Chase's *Silas Crockett*. At least that is how it appears to this reviewer.

It would be misleading to fail to state that Mr. Massey tends to handle his material with a meticulous care that will prove boring to the average reader. On the whole, however, both Mr. Massey and the Chester County Historical Society are to be congratulated on the publication of material whose intrinsic value holds much of interest for so many specialists in their respective fields.

*The New-York Historical Society* — E. Marie Becker

*The Army Air Forces in World War II:* Volume Two, *Europe: Torch to Pointblank, August 1942 to December 1943;* Volume Three, *Europe: Argument to V-E Day, January 1944 to May 1945;* Volume Four, *The Pacific: Guadalcanal to Saipan, August 1942 to July 1944*. By U. S. Air Force Historical Division under editorship of Wesley Frank Craven and James Lea Cate. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1949, 1951, 1950. xxi + 897, xxxix + 948, xxxii + 825 pages, appendix, glossary, index, maps and charts, illus. $6.00, $8.50, $6.00.)

The projected seven-volume history of our army's flying service during the last war, of which Volume One was reviewed in the January 1950 *Quarterly*, is ably continued in these three volumes. An "unofficial" history, its execution is scholarly, being based upon thorough research and the use of all available documents. The quarrel of a few reviewers with the presentation of some specific operation of which they happen to have detailed knowledge from personal experience was an inevitability with an account of such large scope. However, a high degree of accuracy obtains and the historical value of the books is obvious. In addition, the story, though fact- and statistic-crammed, maintains an easy flow and becomes as exciting to read as it was exciting to follow the fortunes of the "glamor service" during the war.

Volume Two begins with the first offensive missions against Europe—the Ploesti raid of June 12, 1942, and that against Rouen on August 17th. It then deals with the two theaters that soon developed, the European and the Mediterranean, "two campaigns widely separated in space but intimately connected in highest strategy. . . ." Their operations were separate in nature too. In North Africa the AAF worked in coöperation with ground troops much of the time, while the Eighth Air Force in England was flying monotonous, impersonal strikes against German industry and war potential. The contrast is interesting. The volume ends with the Allies stalled in Italy and at a lull in activities over the continent.

The continuation of the AAF's story in Europe, though published after Volume Four, has been numbered Three to preserve the unity of subject matter. Ending with the German surrender, Volume Three tells the story of: (1) the air war in Italy; (2) the strategic bombing campaign; (3)

tactical operations in support of the land armies from the Cotentin to the Elbe; and (4) supporting operations of various sorts. The AAF's reluctance to bomb cultural or historical monuments may be more applauded today than it was at the time of making the decision, while its attempts to coöperate with the Russians in setting up shuttle bases in Soviet-held territory may be less admired now than then. The plan was not too successful but "Americans did learn something of the Russian's genius for obstruction." Activities in the field of leaflet-dropping, support of underground resistance forces, and the destruction of the German V-weapon installations on the channel coast are also well told. Probably the most controversial chapter is the last, "Mission Accomplished," which attempts to evaluate the contributions of the AAF to the victory in Europe. It is handled well, however, with mistakes as well as accomplishments weighed.

The air war in the Pacific is introduced in Volume Four and carried through the first two years of strategic recovery up to the point of readiness for a return to the Philippines and for attacks on Japan itself. Here we follow the fortunes of six air forces, separated geographically and operating individually, but unified by an over-all strategy and a common source of supplies. The story ranges from Alaska to China-Burma-India, from New Guinea to the islands of the South Pacific. The problems of supply, maintenance, primitive conditions, and the secondary rôle played by the AAF in these years as against its primary rôle in Europe are discussed and should provide lessons for today, despite the drastic changes in plane-design and motivation.

These excellent volumes are a distinct contribution to our history and we eagerly await the next three volumes.

*New York City* ROBERTA LEIGHTON

*The Index of American Design.* By ERWIN O. CHRISTENSEN. Introduction by HOLGER CAHILL. (New York: The Macmillan Company; Washington, D.C.: National Gallery of Art, Smithsonian Institution, 1950. xvii + 229 pages, with 378 illus., including 117 in color, subject list, biblio., index. $15.00.)

It is a source of great satisfaction to be able to review *The Index of American Design* because the present reviewer was a member of the original Index staff in New York City and took part in its birth pains, which Mr. Holger Cahill, director of the Federal Art Project, so well describes in his introduction to this volume.

After the project was under way and questions of style and methods of representation had been settled, the next great subject of discussion was how to get the Index published. Everyone connected with it was thoroughly convinced that the Index was of such great value to the historic and artistic life of the country that it must be put in some form

which would be readily accessible to the largest number of people. Many plans were considered but the cost of reproduction and the problem of obtaining funds were insurmountable at the time.

The original plans for publication called for a separate portfolio of each catagory, which would trace by means of drawings of actual objects, the evolution of style in that particular catagory. Thus, a student or designer interested in furniture would find well-documented and accurately represented examples of furniture from different sections of the country, and illustrating style-changes of all periods, gathered together in one portfolio or book. This plan is still the ideal way to use the great body of material collected by the Index. However, since no more public funds were available, and since it was too large a project to finance completely by private means, Mr. Christensen is to be complimented on finding a way at least to introduce the Index to a larger public.

This present volume is just that—an introduction to the vast amount of material which is available in the Index files. Artists, designers, and writers in the American field already know the value of the Index and have made use of its files in the National Gallery in Washington. Travelling exhibitions of Index drawings have also helped to make the general public aware of its existence. The publication of this handsome book will certainly do much to give the Index a wider audience and thus a wider usefulness.

This present volume should be only the first of many on the Index since it is obviously impossible to condense the whole story of the development of all of the American crafts into one. There are some 15,000 drawings and a great deal of related research material in the Index files. This book reproduces only 378 drawings, which is a generous number considering the limitations of size. However, 200 years of American glass can hardly be covered in seven pages and by seventeen reproductions, or the development of silver in two pages and by five examples. The crafts of the Pennsylvania-Germans, the Shakers, and the Southwest each receive a chapter, but here, too, it is possible to show only a few examples and give only the briefest résumé.

The reproductions, especially those in color, could hardly be improved. The accuracy and detail of the original drawings is shown clearly in these illustrations. Mr. Christensen's text is in enlarged caption form but shows a feeling for the material and a grasp of the field.

*The New-York Historical Society* CAROLYN SCOON

*Portraits in Delaware 1700–1850.* Compiled by the NATIONAL SOCIETY OF COLONIAL DAMES OF AMERICA IN THE STATE OF DELAWARE. (Wilmington, Del.: 1951. 176 pages, biblio., index, 36 illus.)

Contributions to the previously published lists of portraits owned in various parts of the country are always welcome and the pretty and well-

illustrated little book compiled by the *National Society of Colonial Dames of the State of Delaware* will find a useful place on the growing shelf of such works. Portraits from specified geographic positions give local history a vivid visual appeal—with a "double angle shot"—for there is the interest of both sitter and artist. This is particularly true of local *Loan* Exhibitions—on which pattern this book is arranged (despite a note on arrangement in the Foreword to the contrary). This is exceedingly convenient for students of today trying to view the originals but makes it rather more difficult for posterity, necessitating the use of a deficient index of names which does not specify who is subject or artist. The absence of an index to owners makes it necessary to refer to the text to determine which works have been "always in the family" and which are owned by collectors or institutions. Despite distress occasioned, on a long term view, by arrangement, this work is a contribution of value, and particular note should be made of paintings by artists not frequently met with—such as William Clarke, Charles Cohill, George W. Conarroe, Francis Martin Drexel, A. B. Rockey, Robert Street, and A. J. H. Way. With the exception of William Clarke all were prolific workers who have had but little notice since their own time—short or long as their days might have been. We wish that the *Dames* would continue this good work by Loan Exhibits (with catalogues) of work in specific media—such as miniatures, pastels, etc.; today even daguerres have come into their own.

*Charleston, S. C.* ANNA WELLS RUTLEDGE

*Audubon's Animals: The Quadrupeds of North America.* Compiled and edited by ALICE FORD. (New York: The Studio Publications, Inc. in association with Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1951. 222 pages, with biblio., index, 156 illus., 16 in full color. $12.50.)

*Audubon's Butterflies, Moths, and Other Studies.* Compiled and edited by ALICE FORD. (New York: The Studio Publications, Inc. in association with Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1952. 120 pages, with biblio., index, 40 pages of illus. $5.75.)

Miss Ford calls herself the compiler and editor of these two volumes on the work of the great American naturalist, John J. Audubon. This is the key to both of these works, for she has drawn heavily on Audubon's own journals and letters to tell the story. For this we should be grateful, as Audubon's word-pictures are almost as telling as his painted ones. Miss Ford has done a great service by using primary sources and in again making this material available to present-day readers.

The volume of *Audubon's Animals* reproduces the complete set of 156 animal prints from the original folios, which unlike the well-known "Birds of America" have never been re-issued since their original publi-

cation, and which are now collector's items and unavailable to most people. The editor has included a number of unpublished studies and sketches, notably drawings of bats which are from originals in the Society's collection. She also pays tribute to the help given Audubon by his friend and collaborator, the Reverend John Bachman, and by his son, John Woodhouse Audubon, who actually collected and painted a great many of the animals for this work for his aging father.

The volume of *Audubon's Butterflies, Moths, and Other Studies* also emphasizes the help Audubon received from others, especially in painting backgrounds and details for "The Birds of America." The work of Joseph Mason in this respect is well known, but not that of Maria Martin, of Charleston, S. C., the sister-in-law and later the wife of Bachman. This evidence is given in the interests of scholarship and not to detract in any way from Audubon's fame.

However, the raison d'être of this work is the publication of Audubon's sketch book, which he gave to Mrs. Charles Basham and her daughter, Harriet, of Pittsburgh in 1824 as the only way he had to repay them for much help and encouragement given at a time when it was badly needed. Luckily for us, the Bashams realized the value of the sketch book and kept it through the years and the present owner has now made it available for publication. The amazing energy and versatility of Audubon, whose eye and mind was as keen when studying and painting insects as it was for birds and animals, is impressively shown in this book.

The editor and compiler has done a great service in bringing forward new material to add to the considerable volume about this fascinating and gifted man. These are not just two more books about Audubon, but contain new and pertinent data. They are profusely and well illustrated, the color plates being especially noteworthy.

*The New-York Historical Society* CAROLYN SCOON

*Early American Design Motifs.* By SUZANNE E. CHAPMAN. (New York: Dover Publications, Inc., 1952. 191 pages, including 8 color plates and 353 illus. $3.95.)

In her three-page introduction, which constitutes the only text of this pictorial volume, the author suggests that her line adaptations from, mainly, the illustrations in other authors' books "will be an inspiration to present-day designers of embroidery and printed textiles" and to "the student . . . if he studies them with the intention of using their best qualities." A numerical list of the motifs identifies only the museum where the original may be found or the publication where it was illustrated, leaving a "discussion of the historical background of these motifs" to be looked for "in the books listed in the Author's Acknowledgement."

C. E. B.

In Recognition of his devotion and outstanding services to The New-York Historical Society as Trustee, Vice President and President and in further recognition of his many valuable gifts and of the gifts, both of heirlooms and money, which he has secured for us from his family during the twenty-two years of his membership,

# Henwick Beekman, M.D.

is hereby elected a

## Patron of the Society.

This Resolution was unanimously adopted at the regular meeting of the Board of Trustees held on November 26, 1952.

Dr. Witt M. Lockman
*Recording Secretary*

LeRoy E. Kimball
*First Vice President*

CITATION ACCOMPANYING DR. BEEKMAN'S DIPLOMA
AS PATRON OF THE SOCIETY

# ACTIVITIES OF THE SOCIETY

A CALENDAR of the events and functions of the Society from the first of October until the end of December 1952 follows:

*October 7:* Lecture for members and friends by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt who spoke in connection with the special exhibition "Votes for Women."

*October 18:* School Art League Program for Junior and Senior High School students: "Magic With Clay," a talk by the sculptor Frank Eliscu.

*October 25:* School Art League Program for Junior and Senior High School students. Mr. Bilodeau presented a program in connection with the special exhibition "Hats in the Ring."

*October 27:* The Regents of the New York City Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution met in the Board Room.

*November 1:* Adult Education Group Program. Mr. Bilodeau gave a conducted tour of the building for the group and talked about the collections.

*November 5:* Lecture for members and friends by Mr. Milton Halsey Thomas, co-editor of the Strong Diaries: "Mid-Nineteenth Century Life in New York, More Revelations from the Diary of George Templeton Strong."

*November 11:* Dr. David de Sola Pool, Rabbi of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, Shearith Israel, spoke on the subject of his recently-published book "Portraits Etched in Stone."

*November 14:* Meeting of the League of Women Voters in the auditorium.

*November 15:* School Art League Program for Junior and Senior High School students. Mr. Bilodeau presented a program in connection with the special exhibition "Hats in the Ring."

*November 17–18:* Meetings of the National Audubon Society in the auditorium.

*November 22:* Meeting of the Arts Sections of the School Art League for a program presented by Malvina Hoffman who talked about her experiences with many of the distinguished citizens whose portrait busts she has presented to this Society and which are currently being exhibited.

*November 25:* American History Students from the New Jersey College for Women met at the Society on November 25th. Mrs. Evans conducted them on a tour of the building.

*December 5:* At 3:30 P.M. the annual St. Nicholas Party was held. Mr. Loring McMillen, Director of the Staten Island Historical Society,

spoke on the subject "The Old House Restored, 'House Detective' methods used in the preservation of historic buildings." Refreshments were served in Dexter Hall and music was provided. An exhibition of Recent Accessions was opened to the public. In this exhibition are included the more important additions to the Society's permanent collections of the past year. Included are paintings, prints, rare books, maps, manuscripts, furniture, glass, ceramics, silver and many other items.

*December 6:* The winter film series, *American Literature in Film*, opened with the film "You Can't Take It With You." The series consists of seventeen feature films of well-known works by American authors. The films shown or to be shown in the series are the following:

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| December | 6: | You Can't Take It With You—Hart and Kaufman |
| | 13: | Bridge of San Luis Rey—Wilder |
| | 20: | Brewster's Millions—McCutcheon |
| | 27: | Howards of Virginia—Page |
| January | 3: | Last of the Mohicans—Cooper |
| | 10: | Little Men—Alcott |
| | 17: | North of the Klondike—London |
| | 24: | Topper—Smith |
| | 31: | Of Mice and Men—Steinbeck |
| February | 7: | A Bell For Adano—Hersey |
| | 14: | The Late George Apley—Marquand |
| | 21: | Prince and the Pauper—Twain |
| | 28: | A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—Smith |
| March | 7: | Foxes of Harrow—Yerby |
| | 14: | The Male Animal—Thurber and Nugent |
| | 21: | Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm—Wiggin |
| | 28: | Drums Along the Mohawk—Edmonds |

*December 7:* Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, the music critic, introduced with a short talk the new Sunday-afternoon concert series. The concerts listed below comprise the series:

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| December | 7: | Mary Gale Hafford, violinist; Juliette Arnold, pianist |
| | 14: | Woodstock String Quartet; Ilse Sass, pianist |
| | 21: | Branscombe Choral; Special Christmas Program |
| | 28: | Lillian Rehberg, cellist; Juliette Arnold, pianist |
| January | 4: | Jesse Tryon, violinist; Paul Renzi. flutist; Eldin Burton, composer-pianist |
| | 11: | New Jersey Chamber Music Guild |
| | 18: | The Frank La Forge Singers, La Forge-Berumen Studios |
| | 25: | Louis Persinger, violinist |

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| February | 1: | Dorcey Smith, pianist; Signe Sandstrom, violoncellist; both from the Music School of the Henry Street Settlement |
| | 8: | Scott Watson, pianist, The Diller-Quaille School of Music |
| | 15: | The Frank La Forge Singers, La Forge-Berumen Studios |
| | 22: | Gilda Muhlbauer, violinist; Ilse Sass, pianist |
| March | 1: | Eric Wickes, violinist; Barbara Schneider, pianist; both from The Manhattan School of Music |
| | 8: | Paul Doktor, violist |
| | 15: | Abraham Shevelov, violinist, Juilliard School of Music |
| | 22: | The Charles Pope Choristers, Charles Frank Pope, Director |

Among the activities of staff members should be mentioned Miss Barck's attendance at the annual meeting of the American Association for State and Local History held October 22–25 under the auspices of the Harris County (Texas) Historical Society, the Texas State Historical Association and the San Jacinto Museum of History Association. She participated in a Round Table Discussion of *American Heritage*.

There was but one change in staff personnel during the last quarter of the year. On November 30th Mr. Charles T. Miller, Photographer for the Society since 1941, left to join the staff of the Ford Museum at Dearborn, Michigan. His successor is Mr. Bernard F. Folts, who joined the staff on the 17th of November. A farewell party for Mr. Miller was held on Monday afternoon, November 24th. At that time Mr. Richard J. Koke showed the fine color films of his European trip of the past summer.

Among the lectures and exhibitions at the Society scheduled to take place during the first quarter of 1953 are:

*January 6:* Lecture for members and guests by Lt. Col. Paul H. Downing on "The Story of Pleasure Carriages." After the lecture there will be a tour of our Carriage Gallery where Colonel Downing will answer questions put to him by the audience.

*February 3:* Lecture for members and guests by Dr. Benjamin Hunnigher, Queen Wilhelmina Professor of Columbia University, on "Two Republics"—The Netherlands and our own—on the tercentenary of the first municipal government of New Amsterdam.

*February 17:* Opening of the Special Exhibition, "Charles Lennox Wright I, Pioneer of Zinc Etching," in the third-floor east corridor, showing the collection illustrating that subject which was presented to the Society by the subject's son, Charles Lennox Wright II whose article introducing the collection appeared in this *Quarterly*, April 1952.

# UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY

*Be it known that*

**DeWitt M. Lockman**

Being recognized as an authority in the field of

**Painting and Portraiture**

and having signified his willingness to advise the United States Military Academy and West Point Museum on this subject is hereby appointed

**Honorary Curator of the West Point Museum**

*Given at West Point in the State of New York this 19th day of NOV. 1952*

*Maj. Gen. U.S.A. Superintendent U.S.M.A.*

*Col. U.S.A. Director West Point Museum*

## DE WITT M. LOCKMAN MADE HONORARY CURATOR OF THE WEST POINT MUSEUM

Mr. DeWitt M. Lockman, N.A., Recording Secretary of The New-York Historical Society, in recognition of his outstanding services to the United States Military Academy as Chairman since 1947 of its Committee on Sculpture, Painting and Landscape Architecture, was appointed on November 19, 1952, Honorary Curator of the West Point Museum, and presented with the diploma reproduced above.

Mr. Lockman was formerly president of the American Academy of Design and became in 1933 the third recipient of The New-York Historical Society's Gold Medal for Achievement in History, "in recognition of his great ability and valuable work in painting the portraits of distinguished contemporary Americans for the Art Gallery of The New-York Historical Society." As he thereby became 'the first portrait artist in all history to be publicly recognized by a learned society for achievement, through his portraiture, in history," so now, two decades later, he becomes the first man to receive recognition "as an authority in the Field of Painting and Portraiture" through appointment as Honorary Curator of the West Point Museum.

# RECENT ACCESSIONS

ONE-HUNDRED THIRTY-FOUR picture postcards of American hotels and scenes; 100 hotel booklets and travel folders, early 20th century. *Gift of Miss Marjorie Borton.*

Original Society of the Cincinnati membership diploma of Captain Elijah Humphreys, Sixth Connecticut Regiment, July 4, 1786, signed by George Washington, president, and Henry Knox, secretary. *Gift of Mrs. William D. Brush.*

Nine wood engravings by Timothy Cole (father of the donor), including portraits of Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson. *Gift of Mr. Alphaeus P. Cole.*

Diamond-cluster engagement ring given to Cornelia de Peyster (b. 1690) by Stephen Teller, 1712. *Gift of Miss Cornelia Fulton Crary.*

Papers of the Honorable Caleb Smith Woodhull (1792–1866, Mayor of New York 1849–1851, and grandfather of the donor) and of his family; newspaper clippings relating to General Nathaniel Woodhull and Mayor Woodhull; fifteen pamphlets and volumes; "A View of the Buildings of Yale College," by A. Doolittle & Son, 1807; four broadsides, catalogue of the faculty and students at Yale, 1808, 1809, 1810, and 1811, when Mayor Woodhull was a student; chapeau in original box, and two pairs of epaulettes used in the War of 1812 by Caleb Woodhull; and his high silk hat. *Gift of Mr. Leslie A. Davis.*

Deeds, leases, etc., (totalling 155 items), of New York City properties, 19th century; 12 manuscript maps of properties in New York City and Westchester County; photograph of the Goelet residence, 1895; 74 city directories. *Gift of DeWitt, Lockman and DeWitt.*

Three hundred Letters and documents of Albert Gallatin (1761–1849, great-grandfather of the donor), and of the Gallatin family. *Gift of Mr. Albert Gallatin.*

Eight hundred Letters and papers of Albert Gallatin (1761–1849) and of the Gallatin family; collection of family portraits and household furnishings which belonged to Albert Gallatin; 19 art catalogues and 12 magazines, many containing articles by the donor; 55 books, many by the donor or relating to Albert Gallatin; six scrapbooks of the donor and four scrapbooks relating to the Motor Car Touring Society. *Bequest of Albert Eugene Gallatin.*

Miniature of Captain John W. Downing (1810–?), Harbor Master of the Port of New York and grandfather of the donor. *Gift of Mr. John Downing Griffith.*

Four hundred and forty-eight engravings, lithographs, and photogravures of American Presidents, statesmen, generals, battles of the American Revolution and the Mexican War, including two portfolios of Andrew Jackson. *Gift of Henry O. Havemeyer, Esquire.*

"Council of War," plaster group by John Rogers. *Gift of Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwin Huey.*

Correspondence, invitations, and tickets of Colonel William Jay relating to his participation in the Yorktown Centennial (1881), in the Centennial of Washington's Inauguration (1889), and in the Judicial Centennial banquet (1890); 15 hotel bills from Colonel Jay's coaching trip, England, 1886. *Gift of his daughter, Mrs. Arthur Iselin.*

Twenty deeds and business papers of George W. Ferguson; two scrapbooks and other books. *Gift of Mrs. Frank L. Johnson.*

Watercolor of the St. Paul Building on Broadway. *Gift of Mrs. George J. Kennedy.*

Card printing press, patented 1874. *Gift of Mr. Thomas A. Larremore.*

Pair of gold lockets with minature portraits of Dr. Buna Newton (1846–1943) and his wife. *Gift of their daughter, Miss Lulu Newton.*

Five diaries of Henry A. Patterson (1819–1897), of New York City, 1832–1849. *Gift of his daughter, Miss Ann Cuyler Patterson.*

Four pieces of a set of cut glass given to Albert Gallatin (1761–1849) by Czar Alexander I. *Gift of Mrs. W. Floyd Nichols and Mrs. B. Langdon Tyler* (see also under *Tyler*).

Engraved designs for banknotes by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch and Edson, Cincinnati, *c.* 1848–50. *Gift of Captain Henry R. Patterson.*

Walnut shaving mirror of George Haight, New York merchant and great-great-uncle of the donor. *Gift of Miss Josephine A. Rohrer.*

Miniatures of Eliza DePau Fox (d. 1888) and her husband, Frederick Augustus St. John. *Gift of Mrs. Cecil Shaw.*

Eight hundred letters, 1859–1912, to John Quincy Adams Ward, the sculptor, and his family. *Gift of Mrs. R. Ostrander Smith.*

Manuscripts of the Van Rensselaer family (125 items); 500 letters of Justine Van Rensselaer Townsend, of Howard Townsend I, and of Howard Townsend II; diaries and accounts, 1799–1818, of Solomon Townsend. *Gift of Howard Townsend, Jr.*

Forty-one books, 17 catalogues and 47 periodicals from the library of the late Albert Eugene Gallatin. *Gift of his nieces, Mrs. Louise B. Gallatin Gay Tyler and Mrs. Catharine Gallatin Gay Nichols* (see also under *Nichols*).

Oil portraits of Robert Livingston (1654–1725) and Philip Livingston (1686–1749), copied by Frederick W. Wright from the originals. *Gift of Mr. Charles J. Welch.*

Thirty-four photographs of woman-suffrage meetings and parades; photograph of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. *Gift of Miss Alda H. Wilson.*

Photograph of the Central Park Hotel, 59th Street, in the 1870's. *Gift of Mrs. Herman Wunderlich.*

Map powder horn made by Daniel Mentor of Roxbury in 1775. *Gift of Mr. George A. Zabriskie.*